

Chatelaine

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

AUGUST 1952 15 CENTS



SALADS MEN LIKE

How many lives do you lead?
See page 16

THE WOMAN BEHIND CHURCHILL

She spreads the
cleanest sheets in town

... she swears by **TIDE!**

She spreads the cleanest sheets in town—
Tide gets them whiter, too.
Yes, cleaner... whiter! My, oh my!
The things that Tide can do!



Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP OF ANY KIND!

CLEANER CLOTHES! Take those clothes you've been washing with soap, and do them with Tide—you'll hang out a **CLEANER** wash! NO soap will get out so much dirt, yet leave clothes so free from dulling soap film! There's nothing like Tide.

WHITER, BRIGHTER CLOTHES! Laboratory tests *prove* Tide gets clothes cleaner and *whiter* than any soap in hardest water. And, after just one Tide wash, soap-dulled colors come *brighter*! See the proof in your husband's cleaner, whiter shirts... in your own bright wash prints.

NEW MILDNESS FOR HANDS! Tough on dirt, but easy on hands—that's Tide! NO washday soap made is kinder to hands! NO washday soap gets clothes so clean as Tide. Get Tide—and have the cleanest wash in town.

P. S. Thrifty! Tide can save at least
25% on your soap bills!



MORE WOMEN USE TIDE
than any other washing product! It's the favorite — 3 to 1



EDITORIAL

En route across Canada: At every station people look prosperous. Men in sport shirts, women in slacks and bright summer dresses, children burdened with little beyond an aura of well-being and a glow of freedom from classrooms — boisterous, well and wanted. New cars all along the way.

The air-conditioned train moves swiftly past log-jammed lumbering ports on the sweeping Superior; across golden, oil-booming prairies; up and down and tunnel-wise through the royal Rockies, west to busy Vancouver and the sea.

This is the Canada of midsummer 1952.

I keep remembering a similar journey of less than two decades ago.

Then there were brave but beaten men and women in the parched prairie droughtlands. Children of Alberta mining towns peering hungrily into the glowing windows of half-empty dining cars. Angry unemployed, rioting at Calgary; swarming on the City Hall that day I arrived in Vancouver.

Surely we are aware that now can be the high, bright time of Canada.

I listen to conversations of well-fed, well-dressed people enjoying the ease and luxury of modern trains and planes. They seem to have everything . . . everything except some indefinable inner security . . . and faith. Some sense of certain strength to hold and maintain all this largesse.

Perhaps we know that the borders of our peaceful land grow thinner as the turmoil of the outside world increases. Perhaps we need to destroy a modern delusion so glibly expressed in a World War II catch-phrase now framed on many walls:

The difficult we do now; the impossible takes longer.

Perhaps we can be safer realizing there is as much truth today as there was in the century when the Man of Galilee preached it, that

The difficult we do; the impossible takes God.

Gotta Dempsey

Cabbage is Beautiful

We're always discovering new things about the fishing, furnace-stoking and faucet-fixing member of the Canadian family.

Now it turns out—after a poll of many of Chatelaine's 2,000 Councilors—that the average husband is a cabbage addict. It's his favorite garden fodder, in the raw.

He also has very definite ideas about the plain and pungent type of well-oiled mixed-green salad, as opposed to gooey marshmallow or radish rose concoctions. The latter, he avers, should be left strictly to the ladies' luncheon and the sewing circle pick-me-up.

The dressing—he points out, en masse—is the best part. So for your salad days, with men on your menu mind, we strongly advise a study of Salads Men Like (page 7). Here, the Institute's Marie Holmes, with an assist from Consumer Councilor Mary Jukes and hundreds of Chatelaine Councilor husbands, presents the favorite salads and dressings of some of our favorite males . . .

Your Nine O'Clock Scholars

The biggest army of first-graders (postwar crop) in all Canada's history hits the public school belt next month.

What should little Johnny know when the nation's important newest nine-o'clockers take off that great day? How should young Mary feel? Where can parents help?



Best authority we knew to talk the matter over with you was Dr. Donald J. Dickie, of Vancouver; for many years now one of this country's leading educationalists and most distinguished citizens.

We persuaded her to take time off from her new book (the one to follow the Governor-General's Award-winning "Great Adventure") and from Toronto University's Convocation ceremonies (at which she was probably the most minute Queen's and Oxford gradu-

ate ever to receive an Honorary LL.D.) to write Before You Start Your Child to School, Page 57. Our photographer caught her after the ceremony with, left, Leslie Frost, Ontario's Premier and Governor-General Vincent Massey.

If your favorite future citizen is still in the bassinet, clip for further reference. Dr. Dickie's advice is invaluable . . . practical . . . and human.

Incidentally, the western author-educator was describing to us—over a friendly cup of tea in Chatelaine Centre the other day—the exciting summer life she spends when visiting at Butte Inlet's Stuart Island, a hundred miles north of Vancouver.

When logs are being driven downriver, she says, the big booms go by with red, white and green lights on them, in dark or stormy weather, looking like grave minuet dancers in a strangely behemoth pattern of movement.

Centrepiece

*You, who think you tread
The paths of greatness
Are walking on paper.
How do I know;
How do I know;
I hear it rattle.*

Fish-Food for Thought

Our girl Doris dropped into a meeting of the Canadian Aquaria Society the other evening and reports back to Chatelaine headquarters:

"Cordially greeted at door by executive. Listened to lengthy lecture on how to place saggittaria, ludwigia, hugrophilia and cryptocoryne in a tank. Found out later speaker was talking about tropical fish.

"Society Librarian Bill Reid (who is theatrical agent when on dry land) whispered that tropical fish societies are multiplying in Canada like minnows, and doctors are prescribing fish-watching to calm neurotics.

"President W. L. Whitem explained he has small apartment with many large fish tanks—leaving small area for Mrs. Whitem. Found Mrs. Whitem resigned to sharing Mr. W's attentions with several hundred finny folk. Bothered only slightly by having worms in her refrigerator.

"Worms-in-the-frig bothered me if not Mrs. Whitem. Asked for a retake.

"Worms. White ones—with mold. In

a little covered box. They're wonderful," she said, a little uncertainly but watching her husband's reassuring nod. "Awfully good for fish."

House With a Glass Tunnel

"If you'd been your grandmother, you'd be home baking bread instead of sitting in on a discussion group of manufacturers," Henry Dreyfuss told Chatelaine's editor when they met at a Toronto gathering recently.



We reminded the world-famous industrial designer that if modern women hadn't decided to tend to lots more than their baking, he and his confreres would have no jobs.

He agreed—admitting that the whole movement for better and more functional design had "come in through the kitchen, laundry and bathroom door." It was the constant demand of women for better working equipment and more functional furniture that sparked modern design.

Among new projects Dreyfuss has been working on in his California and New York offices (he plane-commutes) are an automatic-type recorder for taking down telephone messages in homes, tanks, battleships and planes, and some new alarm clocks.

"I set a dozen to go off in the bedroom at spaced minute intervals for several mornings," he reported. "Fortunately, my wife is also my business manager."

He has just completed a new-design house in California for his family—two-unit type with sleeping quarters in one, living and eating areas in the other. A glass tunnel connects.

Chills and Thrills

"We're housestruck," writes Mada Gage Bolton, Pointe Claire, Quebec, author of A Time To Marry (Page 11) when we asked her for a picture. "We

Continued on page 56



*You have to do
more than that, Buttercup...*

● Don't think that dreaming over a tiny bit of wedding cake under your pillow will get you a man to marry. You've been unlucky in the past, Buttercup . . . and never suspected the reason. Your future looks pretty dark, too—unless you make yourself more attractive. After all, you can't blame a man for dropping a girl who's careless about her breath . . . and you've been dropped plenty!

Isn't It Foolish?

How foolish to risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is such a quick, extra-careful precaution against simple non-systemic cases of halitosis (bad breath)?

Listerine Antiseptic instantly halts this most common type of bad breath and stops it for hours.

Yes, actual clinical tests showed: that in 7 out of 10 cases, breath remained sweet for more than four hours after the Listerine Antiseptic rinse.

When you want to be at your best never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date. Fastidious women, popular women, consider it a part of their passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Company (Canada) Ltd.

Listerine Antiseptic . . . stops bad breath for hours

P. S. Fight Tooth Decay with the new Listerine Tooth Paste—it's Clean and Fresh!

Made in Canada

READER TAKES OVER

"Let the Windsors Wander"

"Piffle" and "Impertinence"

I was surprised that Chatelaine should publish such a misinformed article as "Can the Duchess of Windsor Ever Live in England?" Terence Hamilton cannot know very much about the millions of ordinary people who make up the majority of the population there for the inference of the article is that only a few stuffy members of the "county" set would refuse to welcome her.

I was over there during the abdication and believe me, it was the little people, the factory workers, small shopkeepers and farmers, who were most horrified at the thought of having a divorcee—and an American at that—sharing the Throne, and they have not changed their minds with the years.—Mrs. K. Thompson, Calgary, Alta.

. . . a sheer piece of impertinence! British people pay for anything they have, so the Windsors pay for the life they chose.—Mrs. A. M. Mason, St. Catharines, Ont.

. . . it was with disgust that I read "Can the Duchess of Windsor Ever Live in England?" It is not good enough for a Canadian magazine. I did not care for the article on Barbara Ann Scott either. It was poorly written. We don't want trash. Surely we Canadians can keep our standards high.—Mrs. C. Russel, Owen Sound, Ont.

More people read the Barbara Ann piece "Hit or Flop" than any other article in April Chatelaine.—The Editors.

. . . I happened to be in England when the first installments of "A King's Story" were published. I had nothing to do with either court or café society, but on all other levels there were disgusted comments about "dead dogs" and "cold ashes." I think it is time this particular very dead and not particularly savory dead dog should be left lie—or buried deep and forgotten.—M. M. Purdy, Saskatoon, Sask.

Another Duchess

I would like to quote from a book I got out of the public library here: "Sad indeed were the last days of the old King (Edward III). Good Queen Philippa was dead. The Black Prince was ill, and a woman, Alice Perrers by name, gained control over him. In vain was she driven away from Windsor Castle and under her influence, when she returned, they would drive in magnificence from Windsor to London. Then the people in London town would shout, 'There goes the Duchess of Windsor! There goes the Duchess of Windsor!'"

The Black Prince died, John of Gaunt ruled, and Alice Perrers fled with as much as she could carry away. Do you think England had this episode in mind

when Edward was given the title, "Duke of Windsor"? I sincerely hope the people of London can never shout, "There goes the Duchess of Windsor!"—T. Phelan, Edmonton, Alta.

Travel is so Stimulating

"How to Travel Without Trouble" is an original and frank article by Kate Aitken (June Chatelaine), but I disagree with her attitude toward "too quick friendships." Meeting new people and learning of their inner lives is what gives travel its zest. Traveling between east and west in Canada, I have discovered how easy and stimulating it is to strike up a conversation with a Westerner. The Easterner is easily distinguished by his attitude of keeping his private business exactly that way. When people unload their troubles on you, you can't help but feel how beneficial it is to them, and how much wiser it has left you—and vice versa.

Your editorials are highly controversial, but precise and happily reach into the very heart of the Canadian people. Good luck to you.—Mrs. N. Schurko, Gatehill, Ont.

Africa Speaks

I do enjoy your very interesting magazine and so do my friends, as I always pass the books around for all to read. Every good wish to your new editor and staff.—Mrs. E. Batt, Gwelo, Southern Rhodesia.

Puzzled Paster

I am writing to you in connection with the article on Home Decorating in your May issue. You will note on page 21, it says: "You will want to read, study, and save all seven lessons." On page 22 the first suggestion is that a scrapbook be made of the material. But as page 22 is on the back of page 21, it cannot be pasted into a scrapbook. In the continued part on page 53 and page 54 (back to back) and on page 57 the column is next to the centre of the magazine, thus making it extremely difficult to get out without tearing. I know because I tried and made a fine mess of it!

The article is indeed a fine one and I do hope that there will be a little more care used when making up subsequent issues so that such a fine series can be preserved without difficulty.—Mrs. L. Griffith.

Your charge is quite justified, and it was polite of you not to suggest that this is a deep dark plot to make readers buy two magazines. Unfortunately, making up the magazine like this is almost impossible to avoid. We suggest you clip the columns so that there is space left on the side by which to attach them to the paper so that you can fold each sheet over like a page

in a book and read both sides.—The Editors.

Well, now . . .

Congratulations to Chatelaine for being a thoroughly Canadian magazine. I especially enjoyed "Tomorrow's Soon Enough" in June. I felt Dot had the wish to do better, but lacked the will. I suppose those clever fellows, the psychologists, would have the answer.—Mrs. T. McMorrow, Port Union, Ont.

. . . If the appeal of your magazine depended on the stories published therein, then here is one reader who would never buy it. (I usually buy it for articles or features.) However I did read "Holiday with Strings" and feel bound to disagree with reader L. M. Ryder in June Chatelaine who disapproved of it. For me it was a delightful experience. The story, told with such brilliant technique, was honest and believable. A great change from the usual concoctions of false emotions.—Jean Pearce, North Vancouver, B.C.

"Other Woman" too Smug?

I've never heard of anything as smug as Mrs. S. T. T., Montreal, said in July issue of Chatelaine. It would be interesting to hear her viewpoints in a few more years or if any children were unfortunate enough to have her for a mother. No doubt she would be so busy making her husband laugh they would become delinquents. I realize we women are our own worst enemies in letting our thoughts run away with us and making

mountains out of molehills while we wash and dust, but as I recall our husbands vowed for better or for worse just as we did. This marriage is a co-operative affair. I think Chatelaine would be very gracious after printing an article like this in printing an article—not running men down, but in building us up.—Mrs. G. W. Fitzgerald, Regina Sask..

No Taffy

I must write to you or break a blood vessel. Please! Please! do not pay too much attention to the funny little people who want you to print only what they wish to read and what they agree with. Please go on printing articles that keep us thinking and occasionally step on our toes a bit.

When I read a magazine I want to have something to think about. What if I am mad at the author—I have a good argument with him while I wash dishes and make beds. Makes me prove to myself I'm right or maybe I'm just a wee bit wrong—then I start all over again. The work flies as fast as my thoughts and I come out of it with the house tidy and my ideas more firmly planted than ever or perhaps my thinking has been a bit tight fitting and I've had to let it out at the seams.

Anyway I hope you are making money and can stand the canceled subscriptions. I'll never cancel mine until you start filling your good magazine with nothing but taffy recipes and a bunch of sweet stuff! Long life!—(Mrs. L. R.) Doris Gebman, Cultus Lake, B.C.

WHERE'S JUNIOR?



Whalley

A voice out of the past . . . Some messages never grow old—because the truths they express are enduring. One such message is reprinted here. It appeared 30 years ago this month as the first of the Metropolitan's health advertisements.

The Land of Unborn Babies

IN Maeterlinck's play —
"The Blue Bird," you see the exquisite Land — all mist blue — where countless babies are waiting their time to be born.

As each one's hour comes, Father Time swings wide the big gate. Out flies the stork with a tiny bundle addressed to Earth.

The baby cries lustily at leaving its nest of soft, fleecy clouds — not knowing what kind of an earthly "nest" it will be dropped into.

Every baby cannot be born into a luxurious home — cannot find awaiting it a dainty, hygienic nursery, rivaling in beauty the misty cloud-land.

But it is every child's rightful heritage to be born into a clean, healthful home where the Blue Bird of Happiness dwells.

As each child is so born —
the community, the nation, and the home are richer. For just as the safety of a building depends upon its foundation of rock or concrete so does the safety of the race depend upon its foundation — the baby.

And just as there is no use in repairing a building above, if its foundation is weak, there is no use in hoping to build a strong civilization except through healthy, happy babies.

Thousands of babies —
die needlessly every year. Thousands of rickety little feet falter along Life's Highway. Thousands of imperfect baby-eyes strain to get a clear vision of the wonders that surround them.

Thousands of defective ears cannot hear even a mother's lullaby.

And thousands of physically unfit men and women occupy back seats in life, are counted failures — all because of the thousands and thousands of babies who have been denied the birthright of a sanitary and protective home.

So that wherever one looks — the need for better homes is apparent. And wherever one listens can be heard the call for such homes from the Land of Unborn Babies.

The call is being heard —

by the schools and colleges that are establishing classes in homemaking and motherhood; by public nurses and other noble women who are visiting the homes of those who need help and instruction; by the hospitals that are holding Baby Clinics.

By towns and cities that are holding Baby Weeks and health exhibits; by magazines and newspapers that are publishing articles on pre-natal care.

All this is merely a beginning —

The ground has hardly been broken for the Nation's only safe foundation — healthy babies — each of whom must have its rightful heritage — An Even Chance — a healthy body.

The call will not be answered until every mother, every father and every community helps to make better homes in which to welcome visitors from the Land of Unborn Babies.



Babies of 1952 have a far better chance of growing up to be sturdy and healthy than did boys and girls who were born in 1922, the year in which "The Land of Unborn Babies" appeared.

In fact, the great gains that have been made in protecting child health—through diet, immunizations, and knowledge of infant growth and development—represent one of medicine's greatest triumphs.

Today, the infant mortality rate is, by all odds, the lowest in history. Equally heartening has been the drop in maternal mortality rates. At present the chances of an expectant mother surviving childbirth are better than 999 out of 1000 in Canada! In these figures there is truly a story of human and social progress.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

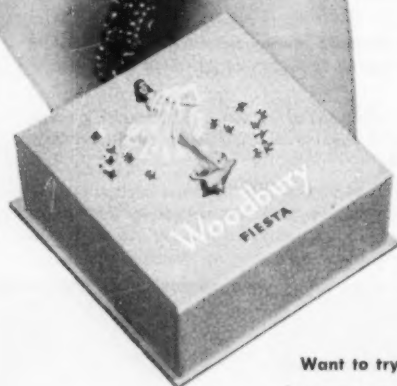
MORE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
USE WOODBURY FACE POWDER—

WHY DON'T YOU?



Lovely women instinctively choose this exquisitely light, fabulously fine powder. Only Woodbury, with its secret color blending process and special foundation-cream ingredient, offers such superb vibrant shades, such exciting satin-smoothness, longer cling. Try it—see the thrilling difference!

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, co-star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "IVANHOE" (color by Technicolor) wears Woodbury Fiesta to intensify the tone of her skin. (Hollywood Stars chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1)



23c, 45c, 75c.

(Made in Canada)

Want to try a superb lipstick?

Add the excitement of Woodbury's "Fiesta Red" lipstick—a tempting, true red, especially blended to be worn with "Fiesta" powder. Also 6 other shades—all vivid and velvety. 23c and 55c.



HOW TO CLINCH

A SUMMER LOVE

By CAROLYN DAMON

Today, the Most Wonderful Man has come into your life.

He's the tall dark type who makes your two-weeks-with-play a dreamy thing to remember.

But let's face it. There could be a long dull winter ahead, with just you and your memories and the complete set of Johnny Ray discs, all neatly packaged in a damp handkerchief. And there's no time like now to clamp a good firm option on your holiday heart-throb.

First off, become part of a group at the beach or resort. It's easier to work a winter reunion later with half a dozen people than a significant twosome. Simply take your share of carrying the wieners, setting up the corn roast, or getting chummy with the Glamour Girl of the Season, who is sure to have a nest of followers in her hair. (Don't make the mistake, however, of linking up with The All-Girl-Arm-Twine-and-Twitter Club. Looks too compact for the average man to raid, however strong the urge.)

Now, follow the old routine of getting hep to his happy hobbies and pet peeves. These will keep you in his mind, long after his tan and your summer strapless have both been relegated to the limbo of lost causes.

Maybe he's a hockey fan. You could take to bubble gum and save him the pictures. Or if it's baseball, tell him that by the oddest of coincidences you are writing a Ph.D. thesis on the Brooklyn Dodgers next winter. (You'll need oodles of help for this one.)

Could be he's a Louis Armstrong boy. You're the girl who digs up an early waxing even old Mr. Satchmo himself has forgotten. (If it takes a touch of safecracking, you got gloves, haven't you?)

Next best thing is to borrow something from the man in your temporary life and forget to return it until after summer's end. A book, yet? Even a great big man-sized hankie, for the sand in your eye. Of course, no girl who wasn't dropped on her first hair ribbon would go anywhere in the summer without a camera. There's sure to be that screaming picture he didn't know you took (with others in the gang, of course) which you can send along for a gag afterward. He won't know the joke's on him until he finds himself at the end of a long line of dine-and-dance tabs, come November.

Having accomplished a reunion back in your own backyard, you immediately lull his suspicions by convincing him you're not the Marrying Kind. You've had a blasted romance—because the man you trusted as a fine, upstanding type, set the village school afire and looted the local bank—and now you're going to have a Terrific Career.

(Stage Directions: Raise the curtain on this one only when you look your prettiest, most appealing, most feminine and over-all most helpless.)

Tell him you just want a pal to talk things over with. Life and stuff. For nine out of every ten marriage certificates in Canada there's a guy who started with a phrase about life, and ended with a sentence.

Now bring up your reserves. You beg, borrow, coax or coerce a girl friend's brother to Make Much of you when your real thrill is along.

So, get going. I leave the moonlight-and-roses department to you, from here in. If you can't operate on that end of the premarital hook, line and sinker, you'd really better concentrate on a career. Astronomy, maybe . . . Although any girl in her senses would rather be a star than see one.

HOW TO DITCH A SUMMER LOVE

By ERIC NICOL

It isn't easy, men. It requires finesse.

You don't just stow the old fishing tackle, give a gay wave of the hand and say, "You've been an awfully interesting phase."

You have to avoid the clean break. To a woman a clean break means marriage. Any other kind of break is a bad break. You have to separate like taffy, clinging to the last but moving steadily in the opposite direction.

The trouble with the abrupture is that you're liable, not to say bound, to run into the lady again, usually married to your boss. Some women will marry your boss just to get even.

In other words, you have to part as friends, the way they always do in Hollywood. You've had golden days on the beach together. Or you've got saddlesore together on the old pack trail. You've kissed her under the stars in her eyes. You've—well, gosh knows what all you *haven't* done.

But now it's time to go home. She's been loads of fun in a canoe, but the fact remains that she eats her peas with her knife. She looks awfully good on a horse, but that last night on the trail, when you roused the camp because you thought you heard an avalanche coming, it shook you to find that it was just your summer love snoring.

Besides, she doesn't live anywhere near you. Summer loves never do. You've been thrown together by Fate, but Fate isn't going to pay the boat fare to the fish-canning village where she works as a salmon gutter. The love affair that seemed inevitable when you found each other under the same ping-pong table seems less so when you find out that her winter quarters are the YWCA (third floor). As you approach the last stanza of your summer idyl you wonder if it wasn't, after all, sheer propinquity in a romantic setting that fanned the flame. That and too much fresh air. Yes, that was it.

Don't try to tell the lady this, though. If there's anything a woman hates, after spending soggy hours in a rowboat watching you hold a paralyzed fishing rod, it's to be told that your romance was just a matter of propinquity. There is no point in being reasonable about the thing if it just gets you an oar wrapped around your ears.

When the time comes to pull the plug on a summer romance, a man must remember that woman is a sentimental animal. Even though she never sees him again, she wants to press these precious moments in the book of memory.

So don't act as though you're retreating from a swarm of hornets. No frightened whites of eyeballs. Make the kiss-off the tenderest scene of all.

So, on that last night together, make her feel that you are forced to give her up for sad and secret reasons. Create within her the feeling that you are going back to some harsh and horrible reality from which she has been a blessed relief, but which you could not ask her to share. (Passing reference can be made to "my poor mother" so as to suggest that the old lady is a dangerous maniac.) The whole scene should be played tight-lipped, the eyes gazing toward some unseen sombre horizon.

When you've got the gal feeling *sorry* for you for having to leave her—go. Don't look back. Just go. And if you're any sort of gentleman you'll send her a nice bouquet of red roses, enclosing a simple card, with no return address. You cad.

introducing to this hemisphere, the exclusive HALSA 25 JEWEL self-winding 100% automatic watch. engineered to give you the finest trouble-free performance in all the world, under all conditions. waterproof shockproof dustproof non-magnetic self-winding cannot overwind cannot run down

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there is a Halsa Watch for every person, every purpose, every purse, starting as little as \$27.50, for unconditionally guaranteed 17-Jewel Swiss movements.

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"HIDE-A-BED" gives you an EXTRA ROOM for only the price of a sofa!



If your problem is how to get more sleeping room without paying a fortune for it, Hide-A-Bed is your answer. For Hide-A-Bed, made only by Simmons, is a sofa by day and a bed by night. You'll have that "extra bedroom" . . . for

no more than the cost of one fine sofa. And remember, only Hide-A-Bed offers you a full-length, full-width Simmons innerspring mattress. Yes, even a Beautyrest if you want it! See it today!



Within thirty seconds your lovely-to-look-at sofa becomes a cozily comfortable bed. Fast as making an ordinary bed.

No rolling toward the centre, thanks to a very special Simmons base-construction. Bedding folds right up with the sofa. What a blessing!

There's a Hide-A-Bed for your house, *exactly* as you'd like it! Scores of decorator-selected fabrics. Ten different styles. Two sizes.

Yes, famous Beautyrest mattresses are available in all styles of Hide-A-Bed.

(Above) *Simplicity and grace*. Modern Lawson in antique satin, flounce base and bouclé trim.

(At right) Ultra-modern single settees that become single beds at night! Covered in green tweed. Flounce base. Button-back.



Only *SIMMONS LIMITED* makes HIDE-A-BED

Montreal • Toronto • Winnipeg • Vancouver

Salads Men Like

You can't miss with simple, hearty ingredients tossed together — if the dressing's just right!

"I love salads," Canadian women keep telling us, "but how can I get my husband to eat them?"

Surest way we knew to find out was to ask men—nearly 2,000 of them, husbands of Chatelaine Councilors right across the country. And Consumer Relations Editor Mary Jukes has harvested a bumper crop of varied and delicious salad recipes guaranteed to please *him*.

First off, we discovered that men like *simple* salads. Second, most men prefer a *tossed* salad. And nine out of ten consider the *dressing* to be just as important as the salad itself.

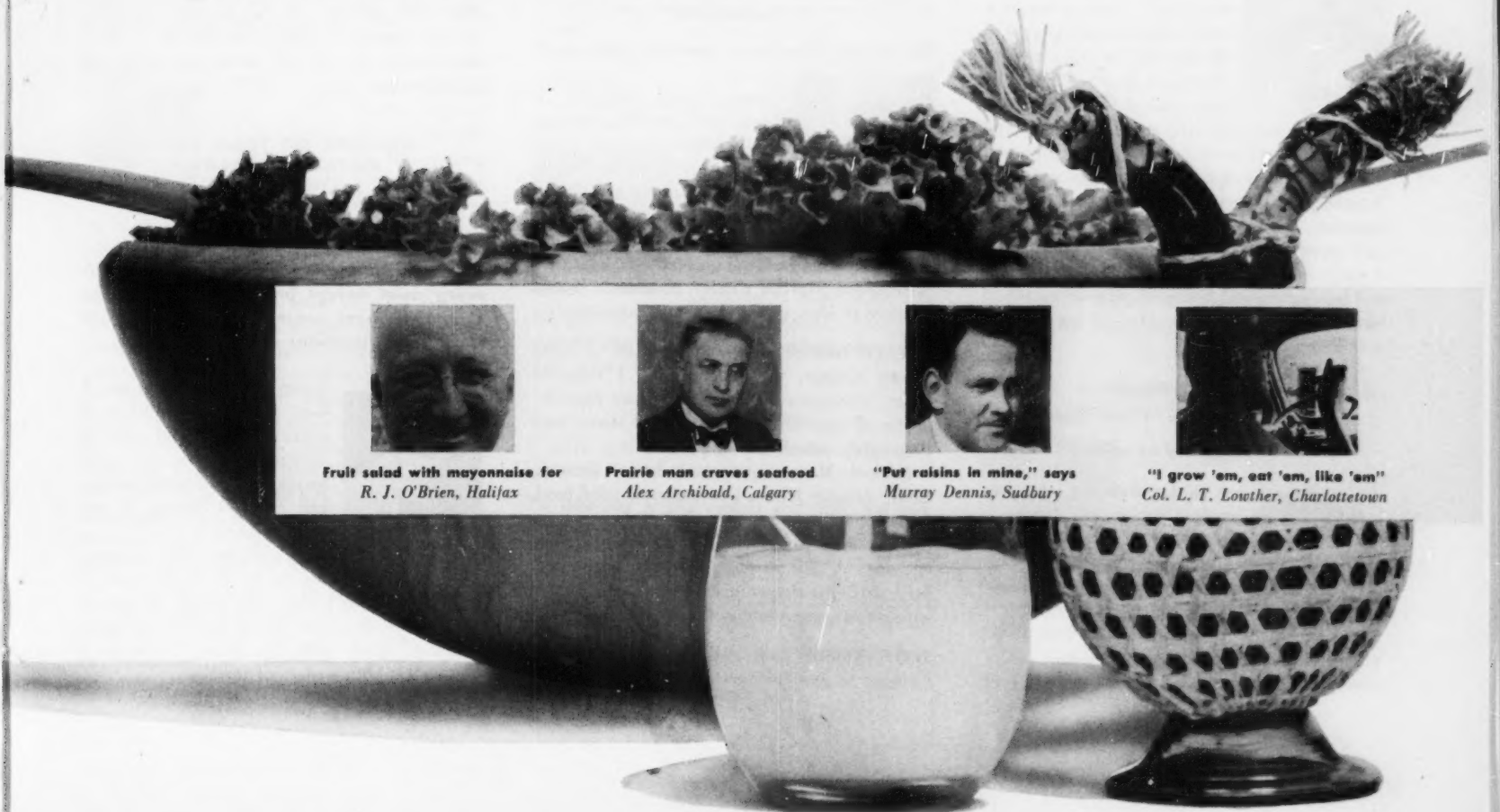
Men are specific about what they like in salads. "Cottage cheese," says Fred D. Saunderson (because it's nutritious and nonfattening). "Potato salad" is the favorite of F. W. Woodman of Fort Frances, Ont. Other popular

(i.e. substantial) ingredients are hard-cooked eggs and seafoods (with salmon and tuna fish tops)—not to mention macaroni, raisins and peanuts. Raw carrots rate very high—but it's cabbage that leads the salad parade with men.

When it comes to dressings, "My husband likes it on the sweet side," says Mrs. C. R. Walton of Leaside, Ont. "I use special condensed milk dressing," reports Mrs. Frank Ellis of Swift Current, Sask. Oil and mayonnaise fans are many; and, of course, there is the tangy group who, with Jack Dempsey, think garlic is the rose of flavorings.

Turn the page for recipes Chatelaine Councilors guarantee to be surefire for salads men like—and see page 36 for dressings to suit.

by Marie Holmes, Director Chatelaine Institute



Fruit salad with mayonnaise for
R. J. O'Brien, Halifax

Prairie man craves seafood
Alex Archibald, Calgary

"Put raisins in mine," says
Murray Dennis, Sudbury

"I grow 'em, eat 'em, like 'em"
Col. L. T. Lowther, Charlottetown

Salads Men Like



MIXED VEGETABLE SALAD (TOSSED)

Colonel L. T. Lowther, 25 Longworth Ave., Charlottetown, P.E.I.

"My hobby is gardening. My motto about salads is: I grow them, I eat them, I like them."

Base of grated cabbage or chopped lettuce, diced cucumber, diced celery, diced ripe tomato, diced green peppers, seeds removed, diced cooked new beets, cooked string beans, grated raw carrot, diced hard-boiled egg.

Place vegetables in bowl, and just before serving add enough of a tangy French dress-

ing to more or less bind the salad and toss lightly. A piece of bread placed in the bottom of the bowl will absorb any extra dressing. Always shake French dressing well before using.

I do not season the salad until the dressing has been added, then salt, maybe.

SAVORY GREEN STRING BEAN SALAD

A. Jonasson, 590 Furby St., Winnipeg, Man.

"A good salad to come home to."



Cut 1 lb. green beans in lengthwise strips. Cook covered in 1 inch boiling salted water 10 to 20 minutes or until tender. Drain and cool. Add 6 tablespoons salad oil, 3 tablespoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, speck of pepper and minced medium onion. Mix lightly, cover and chill. Combine 4 chopped hard-cooked eggs with 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 2 teaspoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt and speck of pepper. Cover and chill. Sauté 4 strips of bacon, crisp. Drain well. Crumble and toss lightly with beans. Heap in lettuce-lined bowl. Top beans with spoonfuls of egg mixture. 4 or 5 servings.

SALAD EGGS

W. B. Carmichael, Wynot, Sask.

"I'm very fond of salads."



6 hard-cooked eggs, 1 tablespoon butter and cream, ½ teaspoon mustard and salt, little pepper and cayenne, lettuce or cress and onions and radishes.

Remove shells from eggs—cut in two. Take out yolks and mix the yolks with butter, cream, mustard, salt and pepper. Put the mixture back

into the hollows and lay the eggs on a bed of bite-size lettuce or cress and chopped onion and radishes.

VEGETABLE SALAD

Fred Blackmore, P.O. Box 10, Port Union, Newfoundland

"A special treat to a mariner like me."



Lettuce leaves (crisp), 5 diced cold cooked potatoes, ½ cup French dressing, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 small onion chopped fine, 1 cup green peas, 1 cup diced beet, 1 apple chopped, 2 hard-cooked eggs (mashed), ½ teaspoon salt, 2 hard-cooked eggs (sliced) to garnish, ½ teaspoon paprika, parsley if desired, ½ cup chopped pickles, any kind, ½ cup mayonnaise.

FRENCH DRESSING: 1 cup olive oil, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon paprika.

Mix all ingredients and beat and shake until thoroughly mixed.

Method: Marinate potatoes in French dressing. Chill. Arrange lettuce leaves around salad bowl, into this lettuce nest toss all ingredients, layer by layer, sprinkling each. Add the salt to mashed egg and sprinkle through mixture. Arrange a little shredded lettuce over the top and garnish with sliced eggs. Add mayonnaise before serving.

MAYONNAISE: 1 egg yolk, 2 tablespoons mild vinegar, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon

salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, and 1 cup salad oil.

Beat egg yolk and add 1 tablespoon vinegar, add mustard, salt, pepper and mix well. Drop oil a teaspoon a time in egg mixture beating constantly until ¼ cup of oil is added. Then add it in larger quantities, beating thoroughly after each addition. As the mixture thickens, add the remaining vinegar a little at a time. (Half lemon juice and half vinegar may be used.) Keep in a cool place.

CHICKEN OR TUNA FISH MACARONI SALAD

Wilf Bennett, 2559 Nelson Ave., Vancouver, B.C.

"I could quite happily eat a salad with every meal except breakfast. I think we Canadians have something to learn from those salad-conscious Americans."



1 cup prepared macaroni, 1 4-oz. can tuna or chicken, 4 stalks celery, 1 small onion, 3 or 4 pieces of parsley, 1 or 2 leaves of mint, 1 small cucumber, ½ head lettuce, ½ cup salad dressing.

Cut or tear all ingredients fine with exception of macaroni which is put in whole and tuna or chicken which is broken into pieces. If tuna is used pour boiling water over it first. Add dressing and toss lightly with two forks. Serve on a lettuce leaf with wedges of tomato.



PINEAPPLE JELLY SALAD

R. J. O'Brien, 64 Norwood St., Halifax, N.S.

"Everyone should eat a salad a day, summer and winter, for health and enjoyment."

Dissolve 1 lime jelly powder in 1 cup hot water or 1 cup hot canned apple or pear juice (or combination). Then add: 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 cup canned pineapple juice. Let stand until partially set. Then fold in: 1 cup canned pineapple pieces, 1 banana sliced, 5 red Maraschino cherries cut up, ½ cup blanched and slivered almonds. Chill. Cut in squares. Serve on lettuce with whipped cream dressing, into which ½ as much mayonnaise has been folded.

SWEET AND SAVORY SALAD

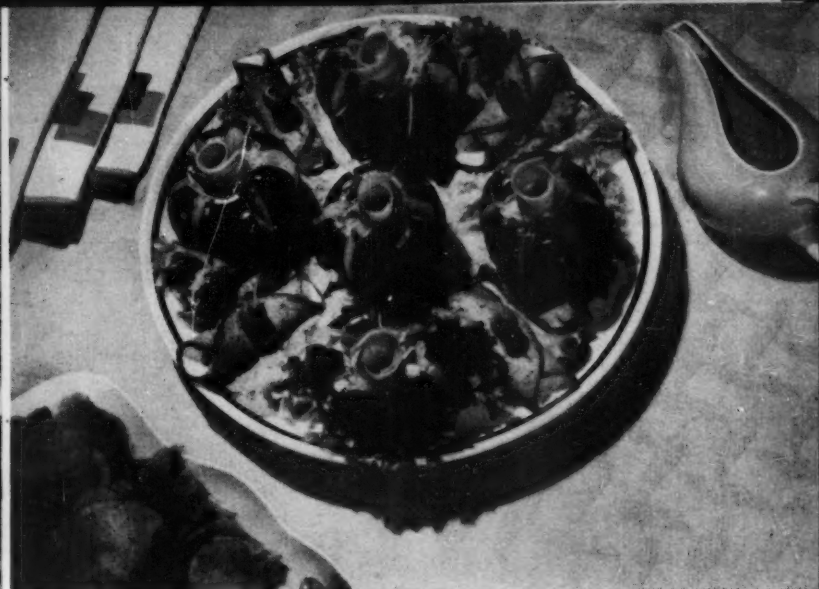
Fred Williams, 330 Blair Ave.,
New Westminster, B.C.

"When a family enjoys salads as much as mine does, a fellow forgets the backache it took to grow the makings."



SWEET: On a bed of lettuce place a large serving of cottage cheese. Surround with slices of oranges and wedges of pineapple. Sprinkle with coarsely chopped almonds and top with a cherry. (Serve dressing in small paper cup or pass with salad).

SAVORY: Use a bed of water cress or lettuce. Centre with a scoop of cottage cheese. Allow one hard-cooked egg per person. Carefully cut egg white lengthwise from one end of egg to the other but leave one end uncut. Make a series of cuts around each egg so that when it stands on end, the sections form petals. Remove the yolk and mash with a little salad dressing and a pinch of curry powder, pepper and salt. Form into a ball and replace to form egg centre. Arrange on plate with cheese. Sprinkle top of cheese with chopped chives and garnish salad with any of the following vegetables in season: sliced or wedges of tomato, chopped celery, radish roses, green onions, carrot curls, leftover peas, beans, etc. Pass dressing: Blend ¼ cup ketchup, ½ cup dressing, ¼ cup juice from sweet pickles.



RAISIN SALAD

Murray Dennis, 78 Larch St., Sudbury, Ont.

"Hurrah for summer and tossed salads out of our own garden patch. Hurrah for salads, period!"

Combine 1 cup grated carrot, ¼ cup chopped celery, ½ cup raisins, season with salt and pepper, moisten with mayonnaise or French dressing. Core 3 or 4 medium red apples. With a sharp knife cut apple in sections, petal-fashion, but do not cut through bottom of apples. Spread sections gently and fill apple with carrot and raisin salad. Chill. Place on lettuce leaves and serve with potato chips and chipped beef or ham rolls (slices spread with seasoned cream cheese, rolled and chilled).

FARMER'S SALAD PLATE

K. Norman, Piney, Man.

"The freshness of the ingredients is much more important than the appearance."

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 cup celery, chopped fine | 2 cups diced chicken or meat |
| 2 cups shredded cabbage | sliced tomatoes |
| 2 tablespoons onion salt to taste | whole cooked beets |
| | salad dressing |



Mix celery, cabbage, onion, salt and diced meat. Put a portion on each plate with a slice of tomato and one small beet. Cover with this dressing: To ½ cup of sweet cream add vinegar to taste, salt and pepper, a dash of monosodium glutamate and celery salt. Mix well before serving.

JELLIED SALAD

Alex Archibald, 701 Alexander Crescent,
Calgary, Alta.

"I like my wife's salads and will eat any of them anytime."



To 1 package lemon jelly powder add 1 cup hot water and when cool beat in the following: ½ cup bottled salad dressing, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt.

Then fold in: 2 cups diced celery, ½ lb. tin lobster, salmon, shrimp, crab, etc., ¼ cup chopped stuffed olives, 2 hard-cooked eggs (chopped), 1 teaspoon green onion (cut fine), ¼ lb. pimento cream cheese (diced), ½ cup whipped cream.

Pour into individual molds or one large utility mold. Molds should be rinsed in cold water. Chill until set. Unmold on lettuce; serve with salad dressing sprinkled with paprika. Or garnish with salad dressing combined with whipped cream and topped with an olive. For a buffet supper, set jelly mixture in a fish mold; unmold and decorate. For large appetites increase the number of servings by adding an extra cup of celery and cooked egg.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE SALAD

C. W. Bamforth, 1711-26th St. W.,
Calgary, Alta.

"To me, a crispy green salad makes delightful summer eating."



Beat ½ cup cream until firm. To this add 2 tablespoons bottled salad dressing and 1 teaspoon sugar. Mix well. Then add: 1 to 1½ chopped apple, 1 cup chopped celery, ¼ cup raisins, ½ cup grated carrot, ½ cup cut grapes (in season).

Mix fruits and vegetables in cream mixture and sprinkle top with chopped nuts. Chill well. Serve in bowl lined with lettuce leaves.

....you might as well give up lad...

for sooner or later...in every man's life



ascap

there comes a time to

MARRY

Garth McLeod wakened suddenly. Half-sitting, he twisted to squint at the clock. Half-past seven! Saturday morning—what the deuce had prodded him awake one of the days he could sleep?

Too curiously alert to sleep again he rose, stretched groggily before the wide corner windows of his room in the men's residential club on a mid-slope of Mount Royal. The September air was crisp with autumn and deep splashes of early color stabbed the wooded hillside. Turning to the more soothing lower view, Garth looked over Montreal, sprawling between him and the distant St. Lawrence River—ancient city of twin cultures, wicked and wise, scarred by history yet gay and expectant as hope.

Why, he mused, had he lately found this lower view, the city, the accomplished fact, preferable to the rising slope of the mountainside, symbolic of the as-yet-unconquered—surely he was not *that* old! Old! That did it—he remembered why he had awakened. Because he had gone to sleep oddly expectant.

Today was his birthday—today he was thirty years old.

This birthday would have passed as unheralded as had all since his mother's death but for Corinne. Last night he had put his only sister on the train to Vancouver and, watching her disappear in the smoke of an incoming train from Montreal West, Garth had experienced a deep nostalgic loneliness he had never known before. At dinner Corinne had smiled and reached suddenly over the table to pat his hand fondly.

"Tomorrow you will be thirty years old, Garth. Why haven't you married?"

Startled, Garth had stared, and she had continued smoothly, "It's an important milestone, thirty is—a time for review. You've done so well in the company—even Duncan now admits personnel problems have eased since you dug in after the war. But—what about Adele?"

Lighting fresh cigarettes for them both, Garth thought up to, around and beyond the implications of Corinne's words. This habit of silent deliberation had worked to his advantage in handling employee problems. More often than not, by the time he got to expressing his thoughts or opinions, those concerned had often made their own decisions, which was always best. But, in personal affairs he often wished himself different, more like Duncan, the elder McLeod, especially when people, like Corinne now, acknowledged with tolerant patient smiles their understanding of this directly inherited trait of his father's.

"You're probably right, Corinne," he

Continued on page 30

By Mada Gage Bolton

Illustrated by Oscar Cahen



\$200 - \$250



SHEARED RABBIT—Often called 2-tone beaverine. A soft perishable fur. With proper care and limited use should last around five years. Versatile rabbit in one of its many forms.



SILVER FOX CAPE—This traditionally glamorous fur is a late-day or evening piece, and although classed as perishable, will last indefinitely because of the stylewise restriction.



3-in-1 CHINESE KIDSKIN—Shown here as a full-length coat. A somewhat brittle fur not meant for hard wear. With care should last five or six years. Lined with new insulated "milium."



SAME COAT—Shown here with the bottom unzipped, turning the coat into a three quarter length versatile jacket. The lower part can be used separately as a stole.

\$300 - \$700



MOUTON (with mink trim)—A durable and attractive fur for everyday wear with a ten-year life expectancy. On the bulky side, so not suitable for the heavier figure. A youthful favorite.



DROPPED RABBIT—A perishable fur not meant for hard wear. With care should retain its beauty for five years. "Dropped" indicates that the skins have been processed similar to mink.



CANADIAN SQUIRREL—In the new and lovely "champagne" shade. This is an "ermine class" fur not meant for continuous or hard wear. With care it should last for upwards of five years.



GREY PERSIAN LAMB—A durable and luxurious fur with a life span of over 15 years. A cold-climate favorite for its good looks and hard-wearing qualities.

DROPPED MUSKRAT—Biggest seller in the fur industry. A durable fur with a lifetime of 10 to 12 years. Long-wearing, easy to look after and flattering to any figure and all ages.

SHEARED RACCOON—Relative newcomer. Not meant for the hard wear you'd give the long-haired raccoons. Not classified as perishable but mean for limited use. 10 to 12 years' life span.

BLACK PERSIAN LAMB—(trimmed with mink). One of the most glamorous staples of the fur industry. A favorite with the "over 20" age group. With care should last over 15 years.

BLACK ALASKA SEAL—The aristocrat of the fur world. Glamorous for all ages. Will last for 15 years and more. Alaska seal was the favorite in grandmother's day too.

\$850 - \$1,000



\$500 BLOND MUSKRAT—Point by point a fur coat dream-come-true for the “under 30’s.” A durable fur in the “bleached” class, designed for easy-wearing, up-to-date smartness.

Know your FURS before you buy

By **ROSEMARY BOXER**, Fashion & Beauty Editor



Photos by Desmond Russell

SHOP AROUND and compare prices. Look for a style and type of fur best suited to your way of life.

DON'T be misguided by the advice of “Friend Sally” who may have bought the same type of fur coat a few years ago, and claims that “it simply fell to pieces.” Perhaps “Sally” bought from an unreliable furrier. Or perhaps didn't take proper care of her coat.

BE SURE you have complete confidence in your furrier. You may pay more to a furrier with a good reputation for giving his customers the best for their fur coat dollar, but it's safer than risking one you don't know.

DON'T go looking for a so-called “bargain.” Suppose a fur coat in one store is marked “\$350,” but looks exactly like the one you saw

down the street marked “\$500.” Don't let that difference of \$150 make you careless. Study both garments carefully. Chances are you'll find the more expensive coat has glossier, more evenly matched skins, longer-haired pelts and soft flexible leather. Pay that extra \$150 if you can—you'll get more than that in longer, lovelier wear. YOUR FUR COAT WON'T LAST FOREVER . . . although many women expect it to. Yet, these same women may pay more for a cloth coat and change it every two or three years! It's difficult for a furrier to gauge just how long any fur will last. This depends largely upon the texture and quality of the raw skins, the quality of the work put on them before they reach the cutting tables, and the care the owner gives the finished garment.

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The wife who

"CLEMMIE" CAMPAIGNS AT HER FAMOUS HUBBY'S SIDE

THE NEWS fell on London society with an almost more startling effect than Hitler's bombs which were to come thirty-two years later. The English telephone even today is among the nine mysteries of the world and it is not likely that the dowagers and eligible daughters made much use of it as a means of communication in that glittering Edwardian period which followed the Victorian Era like an unnecessary epilogue.

But what tidings they had to tell each other on this particular morning! Carriages were ordered, parasols were raised and the ladies went into action.

"My dear, have you heard the news? Winston is engaged!"

Round and round they went with Lady Dichester telling the Countess of Duckwater how fortunate it was that their daughters had escaped the awful fate of marrying that bumptious political adventurer.

How they had suffered at his hands! Dances bored him.

He hardly ever went to the opera. Racing was, in his eyes, a pastime for snobs and idiots. As for the society of women he found little pleasure in it. War and politics were his obsessions and he had never accepted Napoleon's dictum that women are the relaxation of the warrior.

Churchill was thirty-four years old when his engagement was announced. His father was Lord Randolph Churchill, a brilliant but unlucky Tory statesman and brother to the seventh Duke of Marlborough. Wisely Lord Randolph married an American woman of some substance which enabled him to pursue politics as a career. But Winston had only a small allowance and knew that he had not only to make his own way but pay most of his own way as well.

However, there was an obvious solution to his problems—the established and honored institution of marriage. It is true that he had no title and was not even "The Honorable" despite his being nephew to a duke. But he

BETWEEN CRISES SHE HAS RAISED HIS UNRULY BROOD—

WINSTON himself has been Clemmie's most difficult child, ever since her engagement to him in 1908, which caused a social sensation. She inspected Britain's air force with him (right) at the beginning of World War I, helped him build his first career as First Lord of the Admiralty, and comforted him when the defeat in Gallipoli ruined him "forever."



RANDOLPH, the Churchills' only son, "born to adventure but not to happiness." He first married red-haired Pamela (above), a lord's daughter, was divorced and married June Osborne (right.) Tactless, ever in hot water, he is stubbornly loyal to his father.





copest with Winnie

SHE CHEERS HIM IN DEFEAT, DEFLATES HIM IN VICTORY

was a rising star in the political firmament, having walked out of the Conservative party and into the Liberal Government to the boos and hisses of all good Tories. In fact so angry were the Conservatives with him that when Winston first rose to speak from the Liberal benches Arthur Balfour solemnly led the whole Tory Party out of the Chamber!

By 1908 Churchill had attained a quite extraordinary unpopularity in society, which did not prevent match-making mammas throwing their daughters at him from all directions. He would not dance, at dinner parties he talked to the men and seldom to the ladies next to him. "Of course he is half American," said the duchesses and went on asking him to dinners and to the balls.

He had horrified society by giving up the Army and taking to journalism, a thing which simply wasn't done. They called him a "penny a liner" which was foolish. Churchill has always made editors pay him well. But despite these defects it was assumed by everyone that

Churchill, driven on the wings of insatiable ambition, would marry brilliantly—in other words he would marry not only money but into one of the hundred ruling families whose power was greater than anything ever dreamed of today by Trade Unionism.

Then out of the blue it was announced in the Morning Post that Mr. Winston Churchill, President of the Board of Trade in the Liberal Government of the day, had become engaged to Miss Clementine Hozier. There was an instant cry of: "But who is she?"

Diligent enquiry revealed that she was the daughter of Sir Henry Hozier. "But who is he?" cried the outraged dowagers. Still on the hunt it was discovered that Clementine's mother was Lady Blanche Hozier, daughter of the ninth Earl of Airlie. That stopped the clattering tongues for the moment.

Now let us turn to the young lady who had caused all the trouble. Living in the

By

TERENCE HAMILTON

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FOUR CHILDREN, SEVEN MARRIAGES, THREE DIVORCES



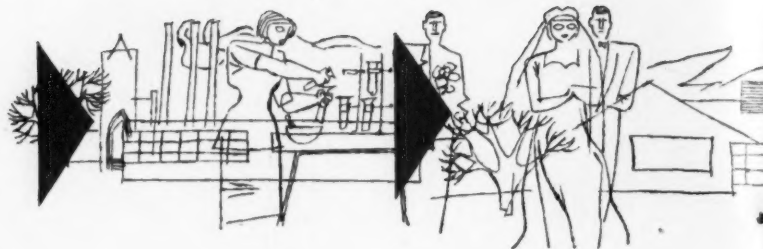
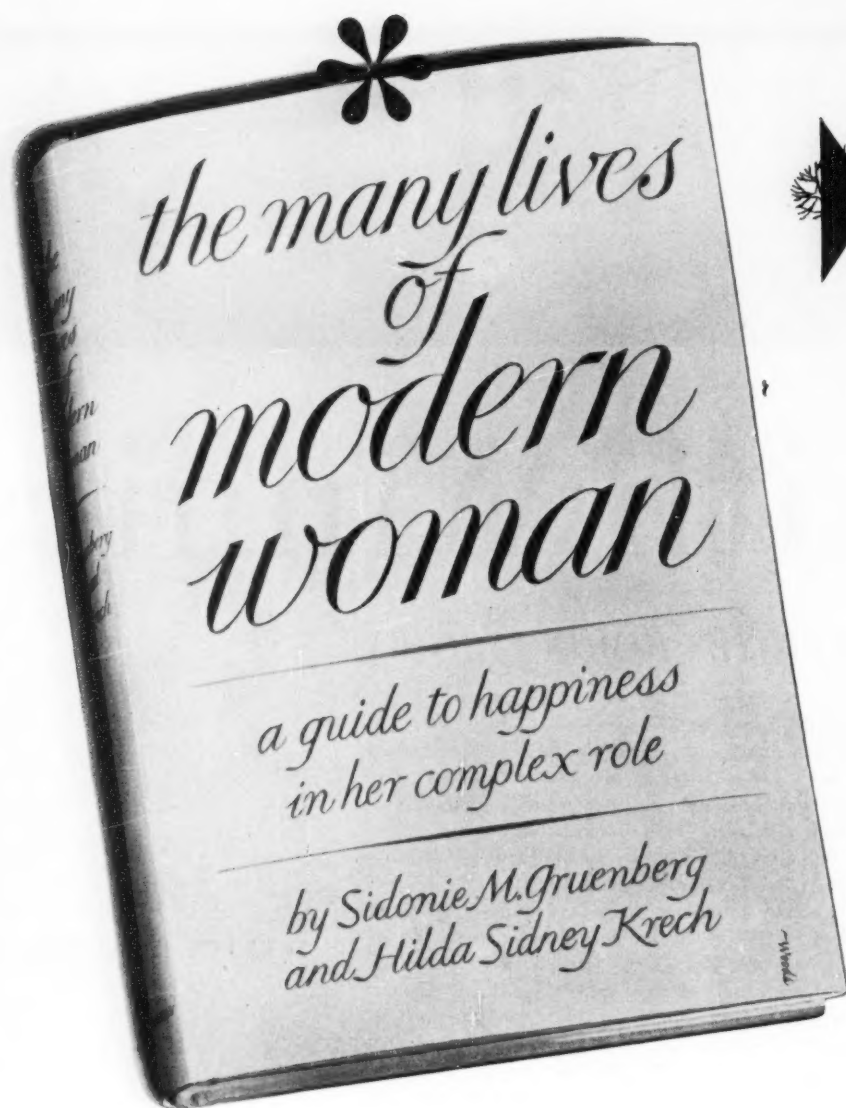
SARAH, the eldest daughter, horrified the family and delighted the tabloids by running away to New York to marry comedian Vic Oliver (above). Now an American television star, she is married to British society photographer Anthony Beauchamp (right).



DIANA, the first Churchill child to marry, wed Sir John Bailey (right), heir to a gold mining fortune. Divorced from him, she married her father's political foe, Duncan Sandys (below). Today he is Churchill's supply minister.



MARY, youngest and most beautiful Churchill daughter, accompanied her father on many of his famous wartime missions. The only non-divorcee, she married Christopher Soames of the British foreign office, who now looks after Churchill's purebred livestock and his race horses.



If you are any one of these women . . . Schoolgirl, Bride,

✱ This is the first of two articles condensed from the forthcoming Doubleday Book, *The Many Lives of Modern Woman*, the second of which will be *How To Live a Happy Double Life*, and will appear next month. These continue a new series in which Chatelaine writers investigate a broad variety of subjects of fundamental interest to all Canadian women, under the title **LET'S LOOK AT OUR LIFE.**

Women have been part of civilization for some one million years. Yet reading articles about them or listening to the agitated talk, you might think that they were a brand-new species.

Why all this commotion? Why are women suddenly considered a great social problem? What's new about being a woman? Hasn't there always been a battle of the sexes?

It seems to us that the "battle" we are here considering is not so much the one between the sexes as the one which rages within each individual woman these days as she tries to find a satisfactory pattern of life for herself. What is new about being a woman is that most of the long-accepted patterns have been broken.

Time was when a girl knew pretty well what was expected of her and what she, in turn, might

expect of life. It depended, in large measure, upon what kind of family she was born into and the kind of family she married into, and was not much influenced by her own choice.

Compare this with the varied choices spread before young girls today. It's up to them to decide what to study or whether to study at all, what kind of job to get, which man to marry, how many children to have.

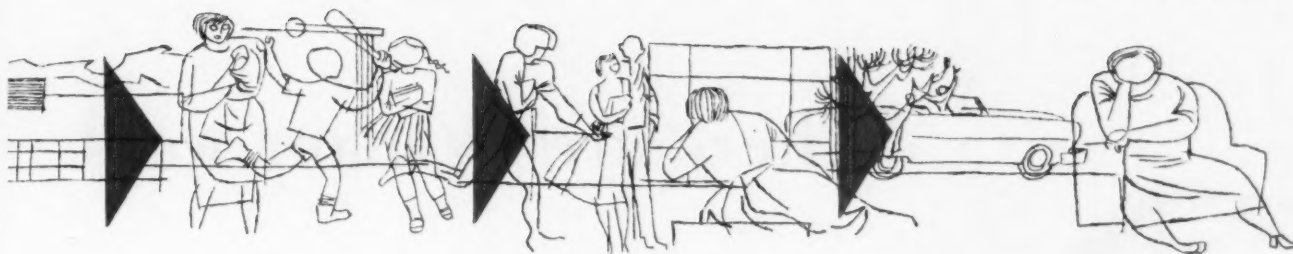
It is only after today's young woman has married and had a child or two that she begins to wonder whether the "choice" offered her wasn't an illusion or a downright fraud. After all the study, the training, all the dreaming and planning, she now finds herself in the confining world of marketing, cooking, cleaning, and baby-chasing; and she sees no relief ahead.

Being a woman today should be much easier.

Grandma did all the struggling. She secured us the vote and the right to higher education. Grandmother, with no modern conveniences, raised a larger family.

"My grandmother had eight children," admits the distracted and puzzled wife. "Yet, so far as I know, she took it all in her stride."

Then she sighs thinking how worn out she gets simply by trying to manage a small apartment and two small children. She thinks of the pictures in magazines: fashionably dressed women dashing out to card parties; the electric robot washing, drying, and ironing the clothes; the electric stove cooking the entire dinner by itself; beautifully coiffured, high-heeled, smiling (always smiling) women gaily trotting around the house with the vacuum cleaner doing its work in ten minutes flat.



Young Married with Small Children, or Middle-Aged Housewife . . . you are all of these women.

And happiness for every woman lies in realizing the many roles she must play in one lifetime.

Then she thinks of the picture that she herself makes—in slacks, a pair of “loafers” on her feet, and busy with housework most of the day. Her smile is ready enough for children and husband and friends; but somehow it isn’t brought on by emptying the vacuum cleaner or cleaning the toilet bowl.

What young people have forgotten is how different was the pattern on which Grandmother’s life was based. Whether she had two children or eight, the chances are that Grandmother did not spend the day alone with them while Grandfather went off to factory or office. Chances are that they lived in or near the family homestead and that she herself had been one of a large brood. While her own brood was growing up there were usually some of her younger sisters and brothers around to watch a toddling infant or to fetch something from the cellar.

It was once taken for granted that everyone helped. Today a young mother may have a nephew living down the street, an able young fellow of twelve, but except in a real emergency she wouldn’t dream of asking his help.

Now that our children are so few in number, we have a new attitude toward them. Every child must turn out well in every respect. While this means that, in actuality, we demand more from our children, it also means that we try to do everything possible for them.

Today many a mother is so afraid to interfere with her child’s freedom that she carries all the burdens and responsibilities of running the household and minding the younger ones. She does not expect the kind of help that boys and girls at one time gave as a matter of course from the age of four or five onward.

The “good mother” spends a lot of time being a chauffeur or accompanying her children on a public vehicle as she takes them to the dentist, or to a friend’s house to play. She also works hard for the parent-teacher association, for mothers’ groups, and scout troops.

In the days when children were seen and not heard it was the children who had to learn patience and self-control. Nowadays many mothers feel that they are the ones who are called upon to exhibit all the patience and self-control. A modern mother, recognizing that her child is not suddenly wicked but that he is in some sort of trouble, will let everything else go to straighten things out with the youngster.

It is paradoxical that in our crowded communities today the individual woman often feels more isolated than Grandmother on a farm.

The undiluted companionship of immature minds is not the most satisfying thing in the world to many women. From 8.30 a.m. until 6 p.m. they are, for the most part, either alone or exclusively with children.

Greater Expectations

Phrases such as “woman’s world” and “woman’s work” recall pictures of Grandmother’s large kitchen with many children playing round, with one woman at the stove, two others seated at the large centre table paring potatoes and shelling peas. Even if there wasn’t (as undoubtedly there wasn’t) a constant stream of fascinating chatter, these women were company for each other the way girls in an office or men in an office are company for one another.

Some people like to spend most of the day by themselves, to work entirely alone whether they are pounding the typewriter or washing dishes. Most people do not.

Today a young mother has to deal with all minor emergencies by herself. She has to do not only the cleaning and the kitchen work but also all kinds of fetching and carrying, which was once done by boys and girls, and all the chasing after toddlers that in a larger household devolved upon any middle-age child who happened to be there. But when a person is bathing the baby, removing the two-year-old from the icebox, answering the doorbell and the tele-

phone, she tends to feel hectic. She feels worn out and harassed out of all proportion to what she has to show for her time and her exertions.

What bothers her, further, is a factor which is entirely new when we compare a young woman’s life with that of her grandmother, namely—her expectations. Certain basic expectations are the same: marriage, home, children. But what even the most intelligent and imaginative women seem never to have visualized is that after the children come nearly one hundred per cent of their time (and their energy) will be spent on these activities.

Told that women on this continent are the luckiest, the most spoiled and pampered in the world, many a young woman acquires a sense of guilt. She has the impression that it is she alone, among all these lucky women, who feel bogged down, aimless, unproductive, and (although this is hard to admit) cheated.

A woman does not have to be a career woman at heart to want occasional relief from twenty-four-hour-a-day duty at home.

We are not so much concerned with the woman who has made the clear-cut decision to take up a profession or with the woman who must take a job outside of home because she can’t get along without the money. We are concerned mainly with the woman who has been brought up to feel that she is free, that she has a choice, yet who is baffled because it often seems as though it boils down to the one bitter choice: do you want to be an aggressive careerist or a dull housewife? She had taken it for granted, somehow, that there was a middle way.

She is discouraged, because whenever she starts to go in one direction all sorts of obstacles loom ahead. This matter of household help, for example, which was once taken for granted by middle-class women. Now that help has become so costly and in many places almost unavailable, each meeting she wants to attend, each book she wants to read presents a major problem.

But it isn’t

Continued on page 48

There are so many ways



for a woman to say

I'll never let you go

She dressed the little boy carefully, buttoning him into his new Easter suit and straightening the short cotton socks around his seven-year-old legs.

"You be a good boy today, Kenneth, won't you?" she asked as she knotted the laces in his shoes.

"Yes," he answered, looking toward the door, only half aware of the question.

She imprisoned his unruly hair under a small blue cap. The cap bore upon its front the crest of an old and very stylish school. It was a visual reminder to her that, thanks to her father, she could still give her son the advantages that are denied many children of divorced parents. It was very important to her to pretend to the world that everything was the same as it had always been.

"What time is daddy coming?" Kenneth asked.

"Very soon now," she answered, letting her eyes flick across the face of the mantel clock. "He should be here any minute."

As soon as she finished getting the small boy ready, he ran across to the window that overlooked the lawn and pressed himself against the glass, staring down the street. There was something about the way he stood, one foot crossed above the other, that brought a quick flash of feeling to her. He was a true copy of his father, from the stiff straight hair along his neck to the unconscious stance he had taken against the window.

In order to hide her feelings, and to destroy the disturbing vision, she said, "Kenneth, dear, get away from that window. You'll get yourself all mussed up."

He backed away from the glass an inch or two, and turned to her. "Mother, can I eat both peanuts and popcorn at the movies?"

"I suppose so. Why?" she asked.

"Daddy wouldn't buy me both of them the last time. He said he was afraid I'd be sick, and that it would only give you something else to nag about."

"Kenneth, I don't want you to make things up! Did he really say that?"

"Yes," he answered, turning to the window again.

"Why would he say such a thing?" she asked, addressing her remarks to nobody in particular, but feeling compelled to defend herself against the accusation. "I've never—nagged about anything, have I? He's been at perfect liberty to see you once a month, and I've never tried to stop him. And anyhow he knows I am not the sort who—nags about things."

Suddenly remembering something very important, Kenneth turned from the window and said, "Mother, where's my cowboy belt and gun?"

"Upstairs, I suppose."

"Can I wear it to the show?"

"Kenneth! Not, 'Can I,' but—"

"May I?" he asked, as if the grammatical correction was an overplayed and boring game.

"That's better," his mother said.

"But can—*may* I wear it to the show?" he insisted.

"Do you really have to, Kenneth? It looks ridiculous, and it musses up your suit."

"Daddy says a cowboy always wears his gun when he goes out."

"Oh, well, if *he* says so, it must be right," she answered, as he hurried into the hall and up the stairs.

These monthly outings that Kenneth took with his father were a concession she had made at the divorce hearing. Over a year had passed since then and Terry still showed up on the first Saturday afternoon of every month. At the time of the divorce she had not wanted him to take advantage of her magnanimity, but as their separation lengthened she had felt a return of her old possessiveness, and was determined to win him back. She had planned this afternoon with that thought in mind.

Continued on page 27

By HUGH GARNER

Illustrated by Aileen Richardson

It frightened Louise to see their happiness. She wanted to drag her son away.



Illustrated by Walter Coucill

The Trans-Canada Room is designed for the young family. Junior's railroad spans the continent without being an adult booby-trap in the middle of the room. Kneeling on the bench he's off the floor, as is his sister at her doll's house and drawing board. Evenings, the comfortable bench seats, radio and clear floor space make the room popular with grownups.

Lesson 4: Chatelaine's Home Decorating Course

5 ROOMS FOR FUN

By Catherine Fraser, Chatelaine Home Decorating Consultant

See Canada first—in your own basement. These “coast-to-coast” recreation rooms are keyed to the play-and-party needs of your young fry, but grownups will enjoy relaxing here, too.

A recreation room should be chiefly for young fry, from toddlers to twenties, but it should be prepared to accommodate adults on occasion, too.

It isn't a substitute for a living room; but it will save the living room from suffering too much wear and tear, so that this can remain a place where grownups and young folks feeling grown-up may read and talk and visit without volcanic interruptions.

It should be a place for play and fun, and the fun should start with planning and building the recreation room. There'll be more fun if the whole family's in on the project—and more still if it's built around the theme of a family hobby or a trip to some favorite part of the country . . . even if it's a trip you haven't taken yet.

These are some of the considerations we had in mind in planning this fourth lesson in Chatelaine's Home Decorating Course, but as

we have stressed since the beginning, the basic consideration in planning any room must be usefulness.

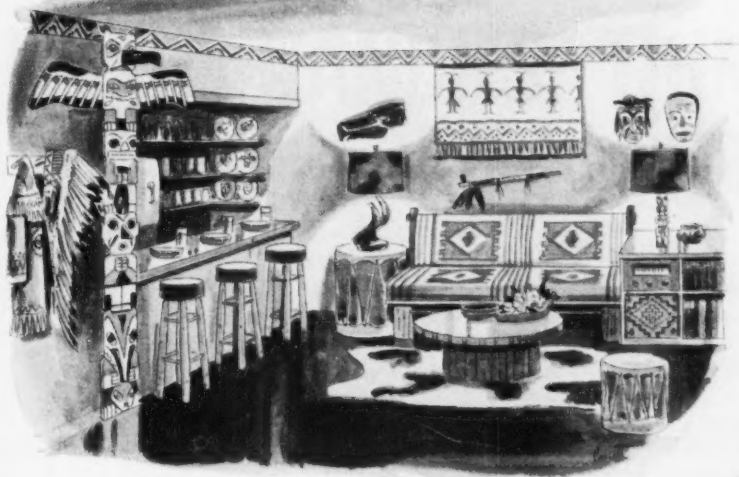
We had seen many recreation rooms in which Junior's trains had to be dismantled before his parents could play a game of ping-pong, before we visited a home where trestles of planks and orange crates carried the tracks around the walls where they weren't in anybody's way. That useful idea became the basis of our Trans-Canada Room, pictured above.

In another home we know, the modest-sized L-shaped living room seemed to bulge at the seams because it just wasn't built to accommodate an outsize upright piano. The idea of moving the piano to the recreation room was the spark that exploded into our Stampede Room (opposite page)—and then we were away.

We said, “These are Canadian basements we are planning for, basements that will serve their

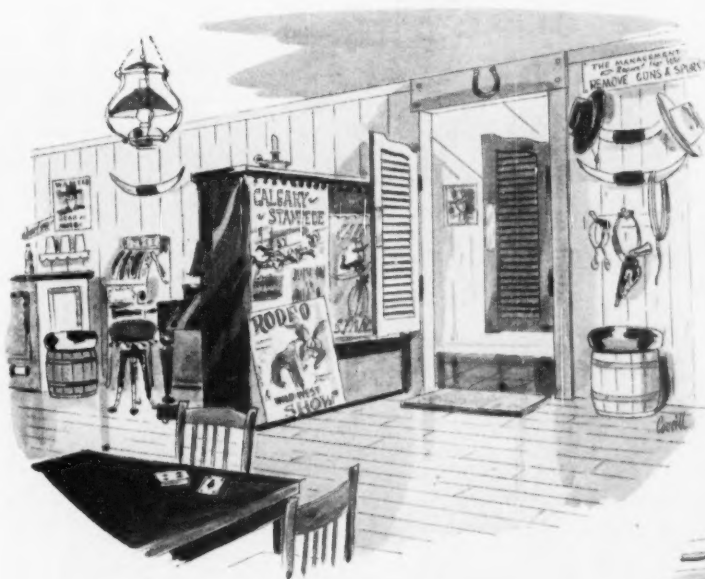
main purpose through eight cold months.” So we went to work to create rooms with an atmosphere of coziness and warmth, and which derive their design from any Canadian child's knowledge of, and interest in, his or her own country. We left Mexican motifs and Hawaiian designs to the Mexicans and the Hawaiians and we stayed happy at home in our own country—but we weren't content until we had covered its whole breadth from the soft, shrouded slopes of the Pacific to the salty cragginess of our Atlantic shore. We amused ourselves thinking of inexpensive ways to furnish and decorate these rooms in keeping with the regional theme of each one—amusement, we think, long outlasts the corny jokes carved on wooden plaques and the midway kewpie dolls that some people put in their basements instead of the garbage.

We never missed a chance to make these “all-Canadian basements” *Continued on page 38*



The Totem Room, like all four on this page, is designed for the teen-age family. Totem figures and Indian masks can be copied from real thing in books and museums, and painted on plywood. Drumheads for stool and end table are of leather.

The Habitant Room is styled on a Quebec farm kitchen, complete with stove. (If no flue available electric grill can be set into top of stove.) Giant oldstyle wardrobe hides such entertaining anachronisms as TV set and record player, and also protects them from roughhousing. Planks can turn ugly steel or brick supporting pillars into handsome "squared timbers."



The Stanipede Room grew around an upright piano which, while still a good instrument, crowded a small living room. The back covered with rodeo or travel posters, it creates an attractive wall break, and is equally handy for afternoon piano practice or evening singsongs when the cowhands hit town.

The Sea Chanty Room will appeal to old salts from St. John's to Medicine Hat. Making the dory-sofa calls for skill, but the sturdy stools are simply log lengths bound with line, and most other items are found in marine supply catalogues.



By Jack Scott

Illustrated by Len Norris

I want a house with an attic

I suppose I began to think seriously about a house with an attic the day the strange little girl walked through the living room.

"Haven't I seen that little girl before?" I asked my wife. "Possibly," my wife shrugged. "She's our oldest daughter."

So right then I began to suspect that maybe there was something wrong with the way we were living and, since we live pretty much like everybody else down our block, to wonder if we haven't all somehow missed the bus to family bliss. This was quite a lot of thinking for a Monday which isn't my best day.

Naturally I knew we *had* an older daughter. I come across her every Friday night when I bring out the limp ledger in which I underestimate the week's expenses. She appears in there simply as "Judy—\$6."

Now, from what I hear, Judy is a pretty typical girl for twelve years of age. This means that she's busier than Eleanor Roosevelt and has an expense account to match.

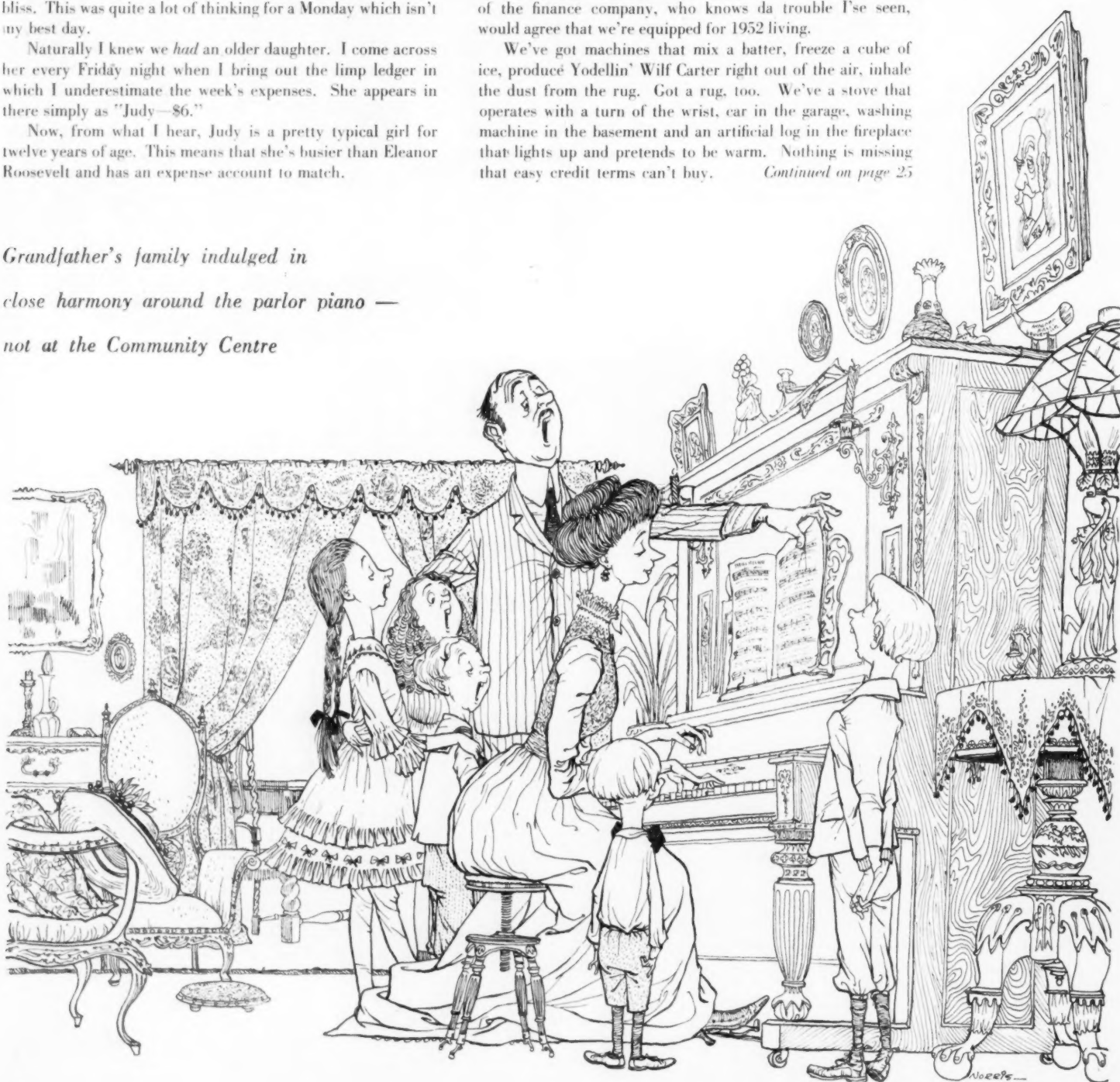
A great many of her activities take place in a sort of warehouse for transient children known as "The Community Centre." There's modern living for you. I'm a man who spent twenty years of toil and trouble building a home for a family and never really get a good look at my daughter except when they have "Father's Day" at her headquarters or when she's home with the measles.

Gosh, I thought, looking around, there seems everything here that's required to make a happy place. Even the manager of the finance company, who knows da trouble I've seen, would agree that we're equipped for 1952 living.

We've got machines that mix a batter, freeze a cube of ice, produce Yodellin' Wilf Carter right out of the air, inhale the dust from the rug. Got a rug, too. We've a stove that operates with a turn of the wrist, car in the garage, washing machine in the basement and an artificial log in the fireplace that lights up and pretends to be warm. Nothing is missing that easy credit terms can't buy.

Continued on page 25

*Grandfather's family indulged in
close harmony around the parlor piano —
not at the Community Centre*



More women than ever before are saying:

"It's the HANDIEST THING on my Kitchen Shelf!"

Yes, it's a real 3-way soup! You can always count on building a grand meal around big bowls of Campbell's Tomato Soup. And you'll be using it often as a

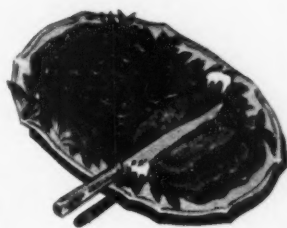
pour-on sauce (seasoned to taste) . . . and as an ingredient in cooking. It lends extra tang and color to so many dishes! Try it all three ways. It's delicious!



Campbell's TOMATO SOUP



"For the children's lunch I usually have sandwiches with good big bowls of Campbell's Tomato Soup. They love its lively flavor and color."



"I cook with Campbell's Tomato Soup! It makes the finest tomato cooking sauce I ever tasted. I got some of my most delicious recipes by writing Campbell Soup Company Ltd., New Toronto, Ont., for a free recipe book. Why don't you?"



"My husband comes home for lunch. He likes a meat or cheese sandwich with a bowl of hot soup—and his favorite soup is tomato."



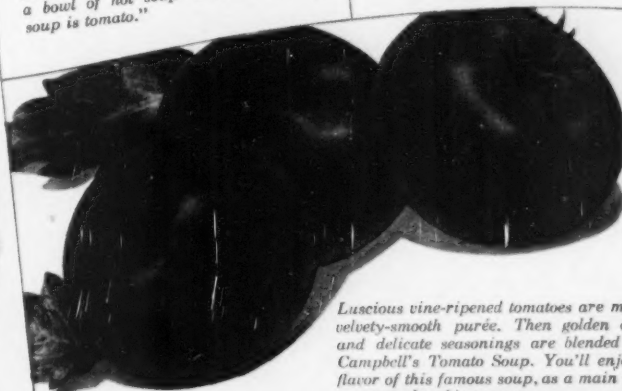
"I take it double-rich, double-thick right from the can, season to taste, heat and pour it over hamburgers, fish and leftovers."



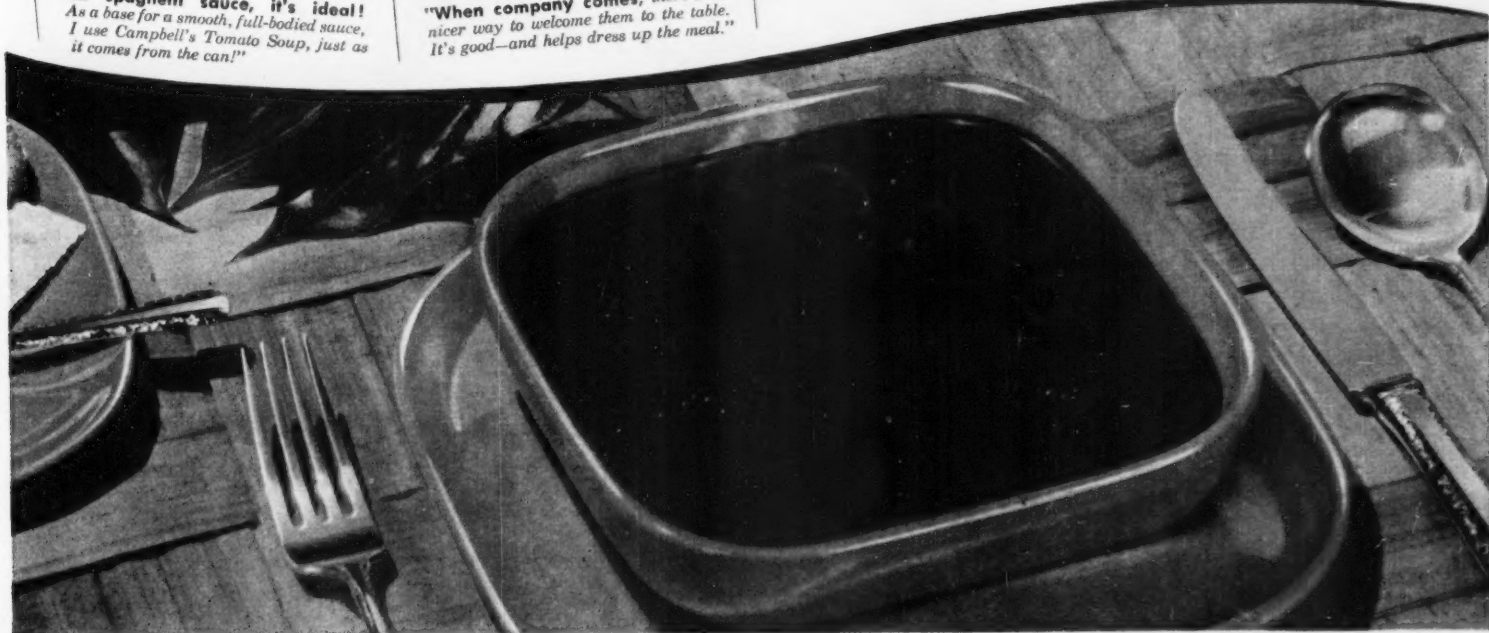
"In spaghetti sauce, it's ideal! As a base for a smooth, full-bodied sauce, I use Campbell's Tomato Soup, just as it comes from the can!"



"When company comes, there's no nicer way to welcome them to the table. It's good—and helps dress up the meal."



Luscious vine-ripened tomatoes are made into a rich, velvety-smooth purée. Then golden creamery butter and delicate seasonings are blended in . . . to make Campbell's Tomato Soup. You'll enjoy the matchless flavor of this famous soup, as a main dish at lunch, or as a grand cooking sauce.



CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS



“Heirlooms” *that money can't buy*

Yes, among the “heirlooms” grandmother passes to her family are many which have no tangible value and yet are her children's most prized heritage.

Such “heirlooms” are the affection and care she lavished on her family in their youth and maturity; such enduring “possessions” are the fine traditions of faith, character and loyalty which she passed on to her children and which in turn will benefit generations to come.

Weston's take this way of honoring Canada's grandmothers who for years have honored Weston's by their purchases of Bread, Biscuits, Cakes and Candies. The quality of these Food Products, which has made them family favorites for generations, will continue to justify this preference now and for years to come.

Always buy the best—buy Weston's.

Weston's

GEORGE WESTON LIMITED...CANADA

M2-2

Continued from page 22

As a functional unit, then, the nest seemed as efficient as the inside of an airliner. So what was missing? Something was, sure enough, because, like our oldest daughter, we, too, seemed to be using this merely as a base of operations.

I knew what we were putting into the place. All of a sudden I wasn't any too sure what we were getting out of it.

It was just about that time that I ran across my Granddad's diary. As literature, this journal is probably the most unexciting document since the last issue of the Saskatchewan Dental Review. Granddad had been an auctioneer in Winnipeg. His idea of riotous living was to get a sharp price on a brass fourposter.

Mother On the Run

Still, as I waded through those yellowing pages, going back to where I'd never been, I began to get a glimpse of family life as it used to be before the all-electronic home and the dollar-an-hour baby sitter. Began to get it, I might say, and began to like it.

My goodness, everything was so orderly. You could see that in the little things. Like breakfast. Everyone had breakfast together in those days, an event that only happens in our house on Christmas morning and not even then if Daddy has had too good a time at the office party.

And dinner! Dinner in those good old days was at the same hour every night. Granddad sat ceremoniously at the head of the table with Grandmaw at the other. It began with the saying of grace and it ended a tidy hour and a half later with the children waiting to be excused. Nobody was in a great rush because nobody was going any place anyway.

I found myself comparing this dignified and pretty darn charming family scene with the chow line at our little Offhand Manor in the atomic age. If there's an early show or we've elected to hurl a ball at some five pins or Captain Midnight is due on the Marconi or a dozen other likely things dinner takes on the appearance of a boiler-makers' picnic.

I wasn't at all surprised one night when my wife galloped in from the kitchen with my beans. She was wearing what appeared to be a track suit. Turned out to be our night for badminton, but it seemed the perfect costume for the occasion.

I read on in Granddad's modest memoirs. Always the family seemed to be doing things together. There were enough of them, of course, to make an English rugby team and they did everything but form one. All went to church together on Sunday, for one thing, and in the evening they'd group about an old upright and lift their voices together. People used to do this a lot before Yodellin' Wilf got his foot in the door.

Land's sakes, there were family picnics and family reunions and they were lavish affairs, planned for weeks ahead, talked about for weeks after. Granddad appeared to be talking about one reunion 30 years after it took place.

Another thing: Granddad was clearly the man of the house, the voice of authority. Nowadays—and let's face it, George—you and I are the Dag-

woods or the Ozzies, lovable but essentially boobs. Granddad's children called him "sir" and they looked to him with respect and love.

Grandmaw, herself, must have been a woman of immense capabilities. They don't make them like Grandmaw any more. Her whole life centred about her children and her home. A kitchen the size of Maple Leaf Gardens was her workshop and a gathering place for the clan. It even had a bed in it. I suppose any modern woman would look on this as slavery, but Grandmaw never did need a psychiatrist and lived to be 87.

Well, maybe I was romanticizing it. But one thing was clear: The word "family" had the dictionary meaning to it and it was held together with something stronger than Scotch tape.

I asked myself what had happened in two short generations to make this chaotic change and looking back down the years from the ripe old age of 36, it seemed to me I'd been right in the middle of the transition.

The Can-Opener Age

Somewhere between the ages of eight and 12 I remember my father getting two new and dazzling fruits of progress. One was a radio. The other was union hours at his work. They were wonderful, but our family life took two sharp uppercuts to the jaw and was down for the count.

The radio was a one-tube Westinghouse and it came with a logbook in which you chronicled the signals of faraway places with strange sounding names. "Distance" was the aim in those days, not entertainment. In thousands of homes like ours the nights were suddenly filled with static. It was as if my father, crouched before his magic box and trying to bring in Cincinnati, had drifted away from us, still visible but behind a glass wall.

The union hours came next. They made an immense change. Suddenly my old man had time on his hands and it was a real and precious thing, like holding a palm full of diamonds. He turned immediately to golf and while we saw him less than ever he looked like a new man. Trouble was that we wanted the old one back.

Things had been happening to mother, too. The golden age of the can-opener was upon us. The scientists and engineers had no pressing need for new instruments of war in those days so they were busy making life easier for mom.

The push-button way of life was moving into the kitchen and, as it did, why, mother just naturally moved more and more out of the kitchen. She'd taken up the cult of Culbertson and there was some mysterious kind of women's club every Thursday and more and more nights my father and mother would "step out," as the saying went.

Life in a Cubicle

It wasn't long before the inevitable took place. We moved from the house into a large square and very new apartment block. I remember that, I'll tell you. It was one of the minor tragedies of my boyhood.

The memory of that old house still haunts me. It had an attic that was dark and lofty and filled with relics of the past. A boy could dream a lot of dreams in an attic like that. Had a long porch at the front and down one

"Now!... Ironing's
a pleasure with my
NEW Presto Iron"



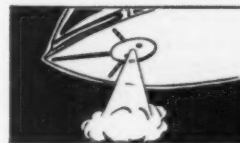
Uses ordinary tap water... just fill the iron with 6 ounces of ordinary tap water... no need to bother with distilled water because the unique PRESTO Iron "Vapo-Miser" distills its own.



Light weight... weighs only 3½ pounds. Makes every ironing task easier, speedier and less tiring... irons beautifully without muscle-strain.



Soleplate heat indicator... shows at a glance the exact soleplate temperature—prevents scorching or slow, under-heat ironing.



Irons most clothes without sprinkling... because PRESTO Vapor-Steam adds just the right amount of moisture for energy saving, professionally perfect ironing.

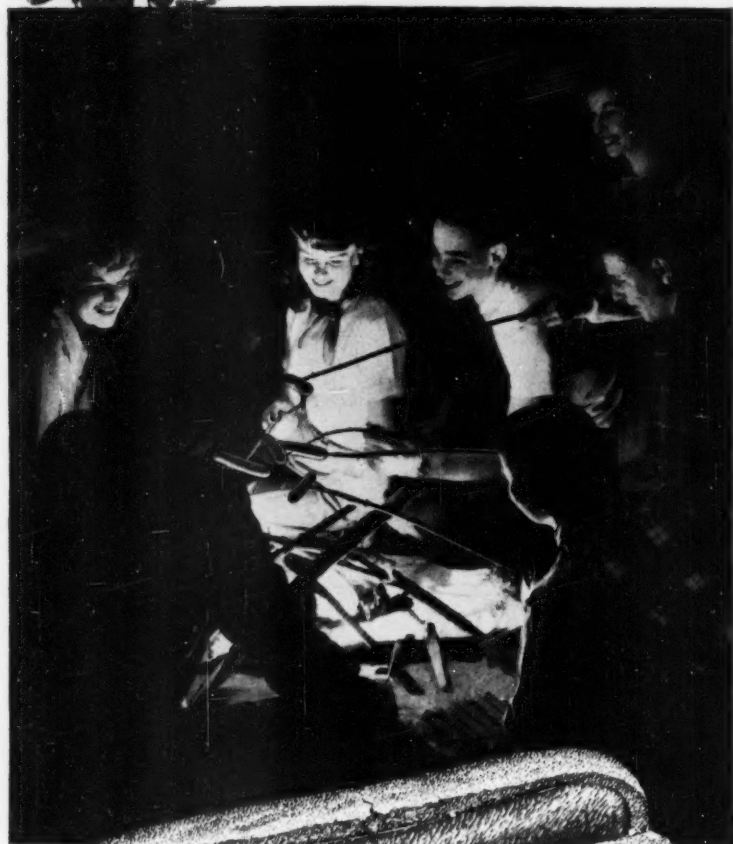


You, too, can save many dollars on pressing bills... do professionally perfect ironing with ease... and have extra hours of leisure each year—with a PRESTO. For PRESTO—the wonder Vapor-Steam Iron—has already proved these statements for thousands of housewives. Stop in, and see the new PRESTO Vapor-Steam Iron to-day. Find out for yourself how PRESTO's lightweight, perfect balance and exclusive features will make ironing—dry or steam—easier, faster and better for you!

AT QUALITY HARDWARE, HOUSEWARE AND ELECTRICAL STORES EVERYWHERE



MORE fun FOR YOUR MONEY... A wiener roast!



What a whale of a time you can have for the price of a pound or two of "Skinless" wieners! Roasted on a stick . . . or heated in a pot and popped in a bun . . . they taste so good they "make" your party!

And mothers, remember, it pays to say "Skinless" . . . when you buy wieners or franks. You get more meat for your money in every pound of "Skinless" wieners you buy. More flavour, too! For they don't split open—all the wonderful flavour and nourishing juices stay in.

Your dealer has your favourite brand of wieners or franks made the "Skinless" way. So for good eating—and economy—say "Skinless" when you buy.

Write for FREE Smorgasbord Leaflet.



Wieners and frankfurters
made the *Skinless* way
are sure to be tender!

VISKING LIMITED, LINDSAY, ONTARIO

side with ivy to keep the sun out and a swinging couch down at one end. There was a maple tree from which you could climb across to the roof and you could sit there under a canopy of leaves and read Frank Merriwell through the long afternoons. (The afternoons seemed longer then.)

The apartment was something else. It was the forerunner, in fact, to the modern home or the well-known Canadian box. It was made up of compact cubicles and dedicated to efficiency.

Oh, my father was proud of it. It was progress. My mother was ecstatic. It lightened her load. She stood in the kitchen and demonstrated how one might wash the dishes in the sink with one hand and adjust the thermostatic control of the electric stove with the other. "God bless our happy thermostatic control," we cried and we were up to our ears in the new way.

Organized to Hilt

Must have been around that time that the organizers began to get their grip on society. Get a given number of people looking for something to do and you'll find a man who wants to be secretary-treasurer. And so fun and companionship became less and less a family affair, more and more a matter of membership card.

Oh, there were other things. The bright neon invitation of the suburban show was one. There was a new kind of promotion of sports to lure you from the artificial log in the fireplace. Ladies' Night at the ball park became a regular thing. There was a new drive-in restaurant down the street, so convenient when mother was tired, and somehow she seemed to tire a whole lot easier than Granny.

Well, that was the story up to the point where I sat back in my patented, scientifically designed foam rubber easy chair and surveyed the shambles of my own family life, circa 1952.

Maybe "shambles" is a little too strong. Maybe I was just trying to make a good story out of it. We seem to have pretty much the same kind of life as everybody else in this so-called Age of Discontent. True, we don't see our daughter often, but she loves us and sends us a Valentine card every year. We're not bored. In fact, sometimes there seems really too much to do.

And yet there seems a kind of furtive restlessness in most of us and none of the standard alibis—the fear of the Big Bang, the cost of living index—seemed to be the real answer.

The Old Man's Chair

I thought maybe I saw the real answer one day last week. It was an old house, 60 years if it was a day. Stood three stories tall with cupolas and rococo turrets and fretwork hanging from the eaves, once a proud beauty on Millionaire's Hill, now surrounded by boardinghouses. The windows were bare of curtains and it looked rundown, but there was a "For Rent" sign on the window, probably the only one of its kind in all Canada.

It stopped me cold. I walked up the rotting front steps and peered in the window. It was then the vision came to me.

There was the dining room and I saw myself sitting there at the head of the

long heavy table. My wife was at the far end. There were a great many children up and down both sides. All of them looked like me. I was asking one of them if he would care for more potatoes and he was saying, "Yes, sir," and I liked it. I'm tired of being called "Pops."

Beyond was the living room. I saw all of us with arms interlocked standing about a piano, dressed as we would be for church and singing together, smiling at each other fondly. There was no telephone, no radio, no Wilf Carter, no hum of electrical devices.

There, through that open door, was what was obviously a den. I saw myself sitting in a nonpatented, non-scientific Morris chair, thoughtfully reading the works of Emerson and the children being led in, one by one, in their sleepers, to say a respectful good night and all of us reflecting the peace and serenity the house had once known.

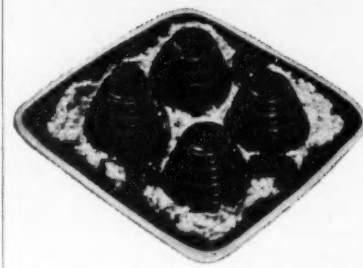
It was a fine moment, I can tell you. I walked down the steps again and wrote down the name of the real estate agent who had the place. Then I made my way to the square little ultra-modern hutch I call home, determined to tell my wife all about it as soon as she got home from the YWCA marriage clinic.

As I walked up the steps the door crashed open. A small girlish figure was catapulted in my direction. It appeared to be carrying a large basketball.

"Hi, Pops!" it cried. "I'm off to the Centre!"

I guess I knew then that I'd never own a house with an attic. +

Salads men like



Aspics, molded vegetable or egg salads—an endless array of refreshing, non-sweet salads you can make so quickly, easily, thriftily with Knox Gel-Cookery. Knox Unflavored Gelatine—all protein, no sugar—made from choice bone stock, means sure success every time—well worth its slight extra cost . . . Special salad, dessert and main dish recipes in every package. Get Knox today.

KNOX
the REAL
Gelatine



ALL PROTEIN—NO SUGAR

NEVER LET YOU GO

Continued from page 9

There were several things which had sharpened her resolve, among them the knowledge that Terry had stopped his heavy drinking since the divorce, and the fact that he had been seen everywhere with Brenda Pearson, the radio actress. She had believed he would attempt a reconciliation before this, and was ready to accept him, but he had never broached the subject, or shown he had ever given it a thought.

Whenever he came for Kenneth he tried to act as he had done in the early days of their courtship, young and the complete extrovert (she had once told him he would always remain as youthful as his name), but behind his acting she knew he missed his son. He was more serious too, and only that week she had heard he had been taken into his firm as a partner.

She harbored a vague resentment at the success he was making of his life away from her, and wondered petulantly why he had not made a success also of their marriage. Each time he came for Kenneth she searched for a flaw in his appearance, or a chink in the armor of his self-reliance, but there were none; he had taken the step back into bachelorhood in his stride, as far as she could see.

She stepped to the window and screened by the heavy drapes, looked down the street. Terry was coming along the sidewalk, his good-looking figure seemingly shortened by its breadth,

and she felt a return of half-forgotten expectation as she watched him approaching the house. He had given her the family car when he left her, and had not bought himself another. On his last visit she had mentioned the subject in a roundabout way, but he had shrugged the question off with a smile, saying, "The streetcars take me where I want to go. I gave up the car along with all the other social ostentations."

This boyish streak of rebelliousness in his make-up had always maddened her, and she had spent the five years of their life together trying to instill in him a sense of propriety and social consciousness. He had seemed to take a perverse delight in disparaging himself before her friends. Such as the time that Alec Patterson had been telling them about his adventures as a town major in Germany following the war, and turning to Terry had said, "You'll know what I'm talking about, old man, won't you?" Terry had answered "I'm afraid not, Major. I was only a buck private in the infantry." It had been left to her to explain to the others that her husband had a college degree before he enlisted, and had turned down every offer of a commission.

As he came up the front walk, she withdrew hurriedly from the window and patted her hair into place before the mirror above the fireplace. She stared at her reflection critically, but was pleased with what she saw; her tall figure was still girlishly slim, and she was still pretty except for a few hard lines around her eyes. She allowed her mouth to soften, parting her lips to show the whiteness of her teeth in an expression that was almost a smile.

When the doorbell rang she waited a moment or two before walking into the hall and opening the door for him.

"Hello, Louise," he said, looking her up and down as he entered the house. "Expecting company?"

She was pleased he had at least noticed she was dressed up. "I was hoping you might stay and have dinner with us after the movies. A home-cooked meal might be a treat for you."

Terry threw his hat onto the telephone table. "I can't make it tonight, Louise," he said, staring at her quizzically. "What gave you the sudden change of heart?"






She was disappointed, and angered too by his remark, but she ignored the question, deciding that this was not the time to quarrel. "How are things with you, Terry?" she asked. "I understand you've been taken into Belmont and Sanderson's as a partner?"

He nodded. "I suppose you'll have your name alongside theirs now?" she asked. He laughed and said, "Not for a while. I don't think Belmont would like it, and anyhow we've still got about twenty thousand letterheads with the old name on them."

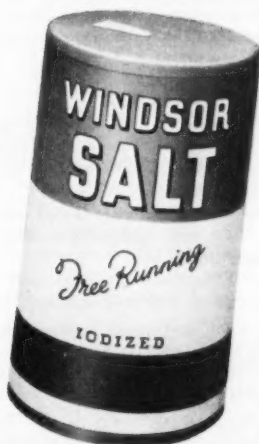
She prevented herself from stamping her foot, and when she spoke she had regained control of her voice. "Terry, when are you going to insist on things like that? You just can't go on allowing them to treat you as a clerk—"

"They don't treat me as a clerk. Do you call being given a partnership in the firm being treated as a clerk?"

"If George Belmont wasn't ill they would never have given it to you," she said, knowing that it was a waspish thing to say to him, but not caring any

Salt brightens
the flavour of food
at the  table, in
the kitchen.  Pie-
crust,  doughnuts,
 muffins,  all need salt.

Most people
buy Windsor



THE CANADIAN SALT COMPANY LIMITED

CHATELAINE—AUGUST, 1952

From One Cook to Another



by
Mary Blake

Carnation Home
Service Director

HERE'S INSPIRATION FOR MEATLESS MEALS

Every homemaker serves meatless meals—whether because the family observes meatless days . . . or because fresh meat is expensive or hard to get . . . or just for variety. The more often you want to drop meat out of your meal-planning, the smarter you must be about the substitutes you serve. And over the years, I have found double-rich Carnation Evaporated Milk an invaluable help, in making meatless meals more delicious—and in increasing their content of high-quality protein. Here are two main dishes I depend on often, for my meatless meals:

CREAMY SCRAMBLED EGGS



4 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup undiluted
Carnation Milk
Beat eggs with rotary
beater. Add salt, pep-
per, Carnation Milk.
Beat again. Melt 1
tablespoon butter in
top of double boiler,
or in saucepan over low heat. Add
egg mixture. Cook over boiling
water, or over low heat in saucepan.
Stir occasionally after eggs begin to
set. Cook until firm, but not hard.
Serve at once. 4 servings. Grand addi-
tions—fried mushrooms, chopped
parsley, or favorite herbs.

SALMON LOAF

(Smoothest, finest-flavored
salmon loaf you ever made!)
1 tall can salmon (1-lb. size)
2 cups soft bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 slightly-beaten egg
Liquid from salmon, plus
Carnation Milk to make 1 cup
Flake salmon with a fork. Add re-
maining ingredients; combine light-
ly. Turn into greased loaf pan. Bake
in moderate oven (375°) about 40
minutes, until set and lightly
browned. Serves 6.

When measuring molasses or syrup, first
rub inside of spoon or cup with oil.
Syrup comes out quickly and easily.

PROOF OF THE PUDDING

is in the eating. Words can't describe
how deliciously differ-
ent rice pudding
can be when you
make it with Carna-
tion Evaporated
Milk. Carnation's ex-
tra richness gives
rice pudding a smoother, more satisfy-
ing texture and flavor. Try:



CARNATION CREAMY RICE PUDDING

1 large can Carnation Milk
1½ cups water
½ cup granulated sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup dry rice
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind

Heat Carnation, water, sugar and salt
together. Pour over rice in buttered
casserole. Sprinkle with nutmeg and
lemon rind. Bake in moderately slow
oven (325°F.) about one hour. Stir
once or twice during baking. Serve
warm or chilled. Serves 4 to 6.

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world's greatest
"dreamer-upper" of
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things. My latest is a
new lightning-quick
way to fix the cream-
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The secret is a concentrated sauce you
can store in your refrigerator 4 to 5
days . . . enough for four different oc-
casions. I call it "Menu-Maker" cream
sauce because it's always ready when
my menu calls for a creamed recipe.
What makes this concentrated sauce
possible is Carnation Evaporated Milk.
Carnation, you see, is good fresh milk
with over half the water removed . . .
concentrated to double richness. That's
why no other kind of milk will work
in my "Menu-Maker" cream sauce:



CARNATION "MENU-MAKER" SAUCE (Makes 2 cups)

¼ cup flour
¼ cup shortening or butter
2 teaspoons salt
1 large can Carnation
Evaporated Milk

Blend flour, butter, salt, over medium
heat or in double boiler. Gradually
add Carnation; stir until thickened
(about 5 minutes); cover. Store in
refrigerator until ready to use.

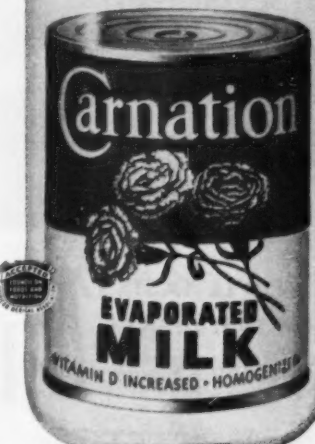
THIN SAUCE (for meat sauces,
creamed soups): ½ cup "Menu-
Maker" plus ½ cup Carnation plus
½ cup water. Heat. Serve.

MEDIUM SAUCE (for creamed salmon,
creamed potatoes, creamed onions or
other vegetables or casseroles): ½
cup "Menu-Maker" plus ¾ cup (1
small can) Carnation. Heat and serve.

For tender whites in hard-cooked eggs,
don't boil. Simmer gently in water just
below boiling point. Then place in cold
water before removing shells.

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as cream. That's why millions of coffee
lovers prefer Carnation to cream in
their coffee. Chances are you will, too.

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ents . . . then for liquid ones. To save
money, use Carnation for all milk and
most cream purposes.



"from Contented Cows"

332

more. She wondered if she was jealous of his success, but dismissed the idea as ridiculous.

"I know they took me in because George was laid up," Terry said. "I didn't kid myself that it was their milk of human kindness running over." He stared into her face as if searching for something beneath the surface. Then he smiled again and asked. "Where's Ken?"

"He's upstairs putting on that stupid cowboy belt."

"How's he been since I saw him last?"

"All right. He had a cold a few days ago, but he's better now."

"Did you try a mustard plaster?" he asked.

"Don't be ridiculous, Terry," she answered with a short little laugh. "I had Doctor Roberts look at him, and he prescribed some medicine that fixed him up."

There was a happy shout from the top of the stairs and Kenneth

came running down, his heavy cowboy belt and gun almost throwing him off balance.

"Hello, dad!" he cried as he neared the bottom step. Terry stooped down, pulling him into his arms. "Hy'a, Gene Autry," he said.

"I'm not Gene Autry, I'm Hoppy."

"Last month you were Gene Autry," Terry laughed, as he hugged him.

There was something about the scene that frightened Louise, and she hurried over to them and took her son by the

hand, pulling him from Terry's embrace. "Look how that silly belt and gun are pulling your new suit out of shape," she said, with an anger that had nothing to do with the belt at all.

Terry pulled himself erect and waited for her to tug the small boy's jacket straight again. The way he stood, his eyes on the boy, made her say, "I hope you're not going to take Kenneth to see another cowboy picture today. When he came home from the movies last month he was so excited I could hardly get him to sleep."

Terry laughed. "He's just a kid; they're all the same. Coming home in the streetcar he was shooting at all the passengers."

"And you let him make a spectacle of himself, I suppose."

Terry sat down heavily on the chair beside the telephone table. When he spoke he was smiling with the muscles of his face. "Louise, children don't make spectacles of themselves when they're having fun. Everyone on the car was laughing at him. There was a poor old drunk who would duck down behind the seats when Ken aimed at him—"

"You've got to realize, Terry, that I can't allow Kenneth to be spoiled by you when you take him out," she said, trying in vain to keep the exasperation out of her voice. "All month I try my best to bring him up correctly, and you undo everything in one afternoon."

Terry stood up again, no longer smiling. "I don't undo anything—nothing at all. You're the one who is spoiling the kid. When he's with me he relaxes and has a good time, which is more than he does in this"—(waving his arm to indicate the rest of the big house)—"this place!"

"Don't shout at me!" she said, shouting herself. "This—place, as you call it, is Kenneth's home, thanks to my father. And remember, please, that you no longer live in it, nor do you have the right to criticize it!"

"Ken is still my child, and I have a perfect legal and moral right to know he is being brought up properly."

"I was under the impression you had forfeited that when you left me?" she said, her voice icily calm again.

"I didn't forfeit the right to remain Ken's father. I am allowed, under the terms of the divorce, to come and see him once a month. You agreed to that."

"Yes, I agreed, but I didn't realize you would use the opportunity to belittle me in front of him."

"Belittle you! How do you mean?"

"That's right, pretend you don't know. Kenneth told me you had refused to give him both popcorn and peanuts last month at the movies, because I would—nag about it if I knew."

"Did I say that?"

"You know you did!"

"All right, so I did. That's nothing to go into hysterics over. All fathers and sons have little differences with the woman in the family—"

"You're no longer part of our family, Terry," she said, suddenly wanting to hurt and humble him.

"No—I suppose not," he said, his face becoming pale and strained.

The small boy stood between them, scuffling his shoes on the carpet and taking the gun from its holster and putting it back again.

"Perhaps these visits aren't very wise," she said, glad she had discovered

How to make party-pretty Aspic Rings



Soften envelope gelatin in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold tomato juice. Dissolve in $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups boiling tomato juice. When cool, add 1 tsp. lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. minced onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper. Blend. Pour $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mixture into each of 4 individual ring molds.



Chill until firm. To two 4-oz. pkgs. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, add sufficient chopped chives for lively flavor. Blend in 2 tbsps. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. You'll love the satiny texture of Miracle Whip, and the tart-sweet flavor. Spread over aspic layers.



Chill till firm. Cover with remaining aspic; chill again till firm. Unmold on lettuce, and serve with Miracle Whip. Miracle Whip brings out the best in salads of every kind... and it can't be copied, because the recipe is a secret known only to Kraft. It's truly unique!



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the one thing with which to revenge herself against him. It gave her a perverse pleasure to be able to dominate him, in this way at least.

Terry was staring down at the little boy, seemingly unaware of what she had said.

"It would be better for all concerned if you didn't come around here again," she repeated.

He remained silent, staring at his son. "Terry, do you hear me?" she asked, reaching out and placing her hand possessively on Kenneth's shoulder.

He let his eyes meet hers and she became afraid of what he might say. But when he spoke his voice was low, and his manner reflected submission rather than anger. "I've been expecting something like this," he said. "Ever since the divorce I've known it was going to happen, but I kept hoping it wouldn't."

She felt a momentary twinge of shame, but steeled herself against the feeling. "It has been an impossible situation from the beginning," she said. "You know that I can fight this if I want to, but perhaps it will be better for Ken if I don't," he said as if speaking to himself. Then he looked at her and asked, "Why did you let me come here like this today?"

She shrugged. "I'm sorry," she answered, but there was neither sorrow nor regret behind her words.

"It was only one afternoon a month," he went on. "Surely it wasn't enough to interfere with your plans."

She refused to answer him. Kenneth squirmed under her hand and, looking up at her, asked, "Can we go now, mother? We'll be late."

She tightened her grip on his shoulder and said, "You're staying home with me today, Kenneth. Your father can't take you out this afternoon."

The boy stared at Terry in bewilderment. "Aren't you taking me to the show, dad?" he asked.

"No, not today," his father answered, not looking at him and buttoning up his coat.

"But why? You promised me," he said accusingly, his voice cracking and his face tightening up to cry.

"Something's come up, Hoppy, that's all," Terry answered. "We'll have to put it off for now."

"Will you take me next week?" the little boy pleaded, his face lighting up with eagerness despite the tears which filled his eyes.

"We'll see about it," Terry answered, stooping down and kissing him.

When he straightened up again he said to Louise, "You'll let me know if anything should happen to him—if he should—take sick or anything?"

She nodded, keeping her lips tightly pressed.

With a parting pat on his son's head, Terry turned and went out through the door, not looking back.

When they were alone once more she led Kenneth into the living room and sank down upon the sofa, her arm around the boy's shoulders. He was still crying, and she wiped his eyes with a handkerchief.

Perhaps things would be better this way after all, she thought. There was nothing like making a clean break. From now on Terry would be completely out of her life, and what

was more important, out of Kenneth's too. No longer would she have to wait for them to return from their outings together, fighting her misgivings about the divorce, and the vague fear she always had that Terry would win her son away from her. He was all hers now, and he would gradually forget his father's influence. Perhaps her actions of the afternoon were selfish, but they were really for the good of her son.

"Let me wipe your eyes, dear," she said to the boy, hugging him to her

despite his efforts to squirm out of her embrace. "Mother will take you to the movies herself next week."

"I don't want to go," he said, pushing at her with his hands.

"Of course you do. We'll go downtown and see a nice picture; not one of those stupid cowboy things."

"I won't go with you."

"Of course you will, dear," she said, smiling at him fondly.

"I'll never go with you," the small boy repeated, breaking loose from her

and jumping to his feet. "I'm going to run away when I get bigger, and live with daddy!" He stood before her with his legs planted apart and his hands clenched into fists at his sides. "Daddy wanted to take me out today, but you wouldn't let him," he said.

"Your father doesn't want us any more. He went away and left us."

"He did not! You made him go," the boy said.

The fond smile faded slowly from her mouth. "Now I won't have you talking

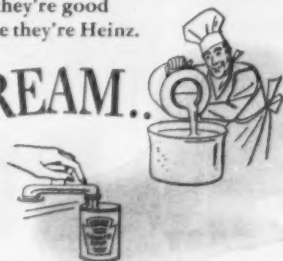
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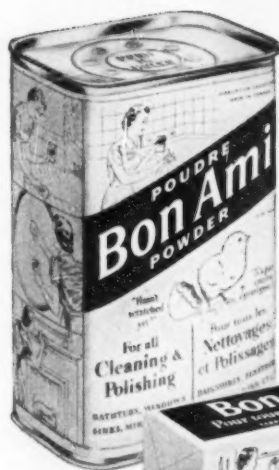
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CLEANSER THAT "hasn't scratched yet!"

to me like that!" she shouted, sitting up straight and fixing him with a stare. "Your father doesn't want to come here any more!"

"You're a liar!"

The exclamation was so unexpected that for a moment she could hardly believe the boy had made it. Then as the angry adult phrase seeped into her consciousness she realized the gravity and depth of its meaning. She was no longer confronted by her child, but the son of his father. Suddenly it was as if Terry stood there himself, defying her and thwarting her once again. All the pent-up frustrations of the afternoon were now released against his son, and she sprang up to her feet and swung her hand with the full weight of her arm against the small boy's face, knocking him to the floor.

She stood above him as he struggled to his feet, held immobile by the sudden horror of what she had done. Where her hand had struck his cheek the skin was deathly white, but as she watched, with terrible fascination, a red flush

grew beneath the skin and slowly spread.

The boy made no sound except a small involuntary cry when she struck him, and now he faced her, shuddering and biting his lower lip to keep back the tears. With clumsy stiffened fingers he undid the buckle of his cowboy belt and let the belt and gun fall to the rug with a muffled crash. Then he walked across the room, his small shoulders bowed, but carrying himself with a dignity that wrenched her heart.

"Kenneth!" she cried as he disappeared through the door to the hall. She heard him climbing the stairs to his room, and she shouted his name once again, desperately.

When she caught up with him she held him to her in a fierce embrace. The small boy's promise to run away to his father when he was bigger, came back to her, and she knew that the first rift between them had been made. Through the sob-punctured silence she could hear the noise of the future; the quiet sound of lonely years. She began sobbing too, mouthing her son's name over and over again, trying to call him back. +

A TIME TO MARRY

Continued from page 11

said. He knew she had dined with Duncan the night before. Lately Duncan had chided him about staying a bachelor too long. And Lynne, Duncan's sleek social wife, had added tartly that he couldn't expect to keep a girl like Adele waiting forever. Adele, daughter of Horace Symonds who had started the firm of Symonds-McLeod Chemicals, Limited, with their father.

Corinne, satisfied that she had planted an idea and received acknowledgment of it, switched subjects. "I'm leaving you my shares to vote. You think like Dad, and I'm tired of shuttling across the continent. And there's the old house"—she slid a ring of keys across toward him—"it was willed to me, I know, but I'll never live there, and I've earmarked the few things I still want. Yardell says by-laws in that district have eased, the place could be converted to suites, and with defense drying up new housing, it seems a pity to leave it boarded up. But it's your problem now, too."

Inwardly Garth grinned more deeply than outwardly. His problem too? So Corinne felt any decision about Adele was a problem. If he had asked, she would not have offered an opinion, but the "too" gave an unconscious one.

"Seriously, Garth, have you gone out with other girls lately—other than Adele, I mean? It's hardly flattering to a girl to be married because a man lacks shall we say—ambition in that direction?" Then, to forestall a reply, she rose swiftly, grabbed bag and gloves. "Don't let me miss that train, please!"

Driving back to the club, Garth found himself completely stirred up, his thoughts roiling as if Corinne had taken a stick and flushed the dim far corners of his memory.

Adele? The girl next door until Old Horace built the Norman castle of a place higher up on Westmount Mountain during their second year at McGill. But—after the war she had been oddly

different—almost another person. From somewhere he had conceived the feeling there must have been someone for her while he was overseas so long. The speculative and slightly comparative glances he often surprised on the faces of her constant coterie of brittle young sophisticates. Finally, he had seen her only on the formal occasions when either needed a partner. But once they had had something wonderful nearly in their grasp. He would see her, he decided suddenly—he would talk to her and find out if anything remained of that bright promise on which they might build something good.

Typically, his mind made up, he acted. He called Adele. Would she meet him next day at one o'clock at the golf club for luncheon after his match with Tom Isherwood? And would she be alone, as he wished very much to discuss something with her? In her musical lilt Adele agreed so quickly he had not gone to sleep for hours, but lay in the darkness reviewing the past. His final conscious thought completed the circle back to the inciting statement Corinne had made at dinner. His father at thirty had been not only firmly established in a business he had helped found, but had fathered three children.

Today had arrived—Saturday. In a few hours his life might have swerved into an entirely new direction. It was a challenging, exciting prospect.

On his way to the club he stopped by his bank and got the ring from his vault. In the bright sunshine outside he opened the box of yellowing velvet. His mother's ring, left to the first bride in the family, only Lynne had refused it. It didn't look like Lynne, he admitted, touching with a forefinger the quaint setting of seed pearls and chip diamonds—but weren't pearls Adele's birthstones? It seemed a good omen.

Tom Isherwood won the golf match because Garth was beyond concentration. As they dressed after showering Tom chided him. "You know, Garth, if I didn't know how happily married you are to Symonds-McLeod, I'd think you were in love."

With annoyance Garth felt his face

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grow warm. Tom flicked his towel incredulously. "Not you—not cautious, deliberate old Garth—no! Is it Adele, or somebody I don't know, I hope?"

There it was again, a not-so-unconscious comment. Garth bent without answer to tie his shoes.

Tom chuckled gleefully. "I'll warn Helen to watch the social notes!"

When Tom had gone, Garth walked with his scarcely touched tall drink to the corner of the veranda overlooking the parking lot. He wanted to watch Adele arrive in her pale green convertible—wanted to read in her face if she suspected what might be on his mind. As he waited, another scrap from the past flashed back, as he looked out over the blaze of color. His mother had said once, "September is such a lovely month in Canada, Garth. Perfect for a wedding." His free hand went into his pocket and touched the velvet box.

Adele was an hour late when she arrived—and she was in Ferdie Mac-

★ ★ ★

AUGUST PHILOSOPHER

By Eleanor Graham Vance

When summer days are hot and long
And heat waves shimmer in the air,
I'd like to take my body off
And dance around in spirit bare.

★ ★ ★

Dougall's car. Spilling out after her were the young Rendells—of all her brittle friends Garth liked these least. He felt himself stiffen as Adele ran up the steps to him. She halted when she read his irritation, and instead of her usual light, saluting kiss, she merely touched a cheek swiftly.

"Don't scold, Garth! It really isn't my fault. Who but Ferdie would run out of gas on the Mercier Bridge in Saturday traffic."

"You said you would be alone," Garth accused between tight lips, as the others sailed up behind her.

"I told them not to come—they'll go right back with Ferdie—after a little drink to revive them!" She wheeled to call a passing bar-boy, then warned the three sinking into chairs around a low veranda table. "Don't settle in so comfortably—you're being bounced after one drink!" They all laughed briefly, Adele too, and the laughter became a wall shutting Garth out from them so completely he knew a sudden realization followed by near panic. This was wrong, he didn't love Adele—he had seen her since the war only because she reminded him of the girl she had been once, and whom he had loved!

He placed his glass on the table abruptly. He looked at his watch. He had to get away—but how? He heard himself saying smoothly, "As a matter of fact I have an appointment soon—at the plant. If you'll ask Andre for a larger table, Adele, and lunch is on me."

Adele caught his arm and her eyes held his with a warning. "You're annoyed, Garth, but I have explained. And everybody knows simply nobody works on Saturdays!"

"If some people didn't work on Satur-

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Chocolate Angel Food Cake

¾ cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
4 tablespoons Baker's Cocoa
1¼ cups sifted sugar
¼ cups egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
1 teaspoon vanilla

• Sift flour once, measure, add cocoa and ¼ cup sugar; sift together 4 times. Beat egg whites and salt with rotary egg beater or flat wire whisk. When foamy, add cream of tartar and continue beating until eggs are stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Add remaining 1 cup sugar, 2 tbsps. at a time, beating after each addition until sugar is just blended. Fold in vanilla. Sift about ¼ cup flour over mixture, fold in lightly; repeat until all is used. Turn into ungreased 9-inch tube pan. Cut gently through batter with knife to remove air bubbles. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) about 50 minutes. Remove from oven; invert pan 1 hour, or until cold. Serve plain, or frost with seven-minute frosting (there's a delicious one on page 75 of "Learn to Bake — You'll Love It"). Frosted cake may be decorated with melted Baker's Dot Chocolate, as pictured.

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days many of us would be less comfortable than we are, Adele," Garth said, as the bar-boy slid up with the drinks and made his point neatly. In the little flurry he waved vaguely, bowed a little to Adele and turned down the steps briskly.

Not until he had woven himself into the dense anonymity of Montreal-bound traffic did he analyze his feeling as that of an escape pulled off—relief, blessed relief. It would never have worked. Wait until he wrote Corinne! Time he

was married—phooey! Let people like Tom Isherwood think he was married to his job—maybe he was. Not everybody needed marriage—he was simply that sort!

Reaching for cigarettes, his fingers encountered the softness of the ring box, and the touch flooded him with the same sensation of deep aloneness he had first felt after putting Corinne on the Vancouver train, realizing he would no longer see her so often, that one strong tie had loosened between him and his

youth. He'd get over it—come Monday. But the ring box—he didn't want to keep finding it in pockets all week end. He'd go by the plant, leave it in the office safe and send it back to the bank Monday.

As he left the bridge he swerved to the right and headed for the plant, a long low modern structure on a rise overlooking the river. A moment later—his eyes seeking his own office window by habit—he saw the flash of yellow there. At first it seemed merely reflected

sunlight, then he saw that it was not.

It was someone in a yellow dress—a girl sitting at his window as tranquilly as though she lived there. Irritation spurted in him as he slowed for a last look before turning into the plant yard. Dark shoulder-length hair fell in a curtain screening her face as, elbow on knee, chin in upturned palm, the girl read something deep in the lap made by her crossed legs.

There were two other cars in the yard. One he knew to be that of Alphonse, the watchman. The other? He crossed to stare at it. A small, beat-up roadster about ten years old with an Ontario license. Now which of the young chemists they'd been importing would that be? Alderson? Possible—hadn't he come up from Toronto?

Letting himself in with his own key, Garth took the stairs silently two at a time and pulled up to one side of the open door to his office.

The girl had not moved—she sat there, long-limbed and slender as a reed, completely absorbed in a book. His eyes found the open bookshelf door, the vacant space, then darted back incredulously. A girl who looked like that? Reading his Toynbee?

It was her complete at-homeness that brought his anger back full force. People did not come into his office without an invitation. It was somewhat more than a place where he worked. The walls and cabinets held more of Garth McLeod than any other four walls in the world. His trophies and treasures, his pictures and prints and books—all were here. The clubroom was where he slept and changed his clothing—here he was more Garth McLeod than anywhere. And this girl, this stranger, dared trespass!

He strode suddenly into the room right up to his desk, reaching for a cigarette and lighting it—without once removing his eyes from the girl. Her startled awareness of him reminded him sharply of a scene the autumn before in the bush when he'd nearly trod on a hen pheasant. A blinding whir of movement and color, an instant when the bird eyed him calmly, then she had bolted.

Now, in a swift untangling of tanned arms and legs, a flash of grey eyes, dark hair and yellow linen, the girl stood there serenely, a finger in her place in the book, eyeing him.

"I don't believe you belong at Symonds-McLeod, do you?" He had not meant to sound so brusque. A flash of grey eyes showed him he had sparked something.

"No," she said simply, and the finger slid out of the book and she crossed and replaced it quickly, closing the door. Then as though he was not there at all she started out past him, dipping briefly to retrieve an empty coke bottle from his wastebasket with a hand that was not too steady.

"I'd like to know why you are in this office, then?"

She stopped at the door and turned slowly. "I—I was told never to come past the coke machine—so it's nobody's fault but my own that I have. For three Saturdays—but it won't occur again—I'm leaving Montreal Monday night." She almost turned to go on, then came back quickly. "You're puzzled—you think you know me, but you know you don't. It always happens when anybody knows one of us without



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knowing the other. I'm Paulette Alderson, Paul's twin sister."

Of course! The same long lean build—easy walk, frank grey eyes and broad forehead. Her lips were different, though—might be the lipstick. He was silent a moment too long. Subtly she switched positions—put him on the defensive. "It wouldn't have happened if Symonds-McLeod had found Paul the 'suitable living quarters' they promised. We're not used to a boardinghouse—Saturdays are worst—everybody is home all day. Paul could come out here and work. I began coming with him."

In the distance a voice called something. The girl alerted an instant—the next she was flying along the corridor. A door whooshed open just after Garth heard the click of the bottle being replaced by the machine. "Oh, there you are, Letty! If we don't push on we'll miss last call for lunch!" Another whoosh of the door and silence.

For a long moment Garth stood there experiencing the strange feeling of loneliness he'd felt last night and again after leaving the club a few minutes ago. Why feel that now—or was it only the residue from the scene at the club with Adele?

Then he was running along the corridor—in the opposite direction—pulling up finally to one side of Duncan's office window which overlooked the yard. He watched them cross to the beat-up little car. Paul was slightly taller, but she was more slender. Yet both so alike it was uncanny. Paul got in and reached for his keys, but the sister reached to pluck a late marigold from a border. Halfway to placing it in her hair she paused, and though her back was to him, Garth felt a tingling slide over him as he realized she was aware he watched.

Back in his office, with a fresh cigarette going, Garth told himself firmly it was simply an odd encounter with an extremely pretty girl, at a moment when he was particularly susceptible after Corinne's warning and Adele's strange revelation. So she found his office cooler than the lab or the little car in the sun—and so she read his Toynbee—he hadn't got around to the last three chapters, had he?

But it wasn't entirely the answer. He dialed Mona Irwin's home phone number. Mona Irwin, the middle-aged woman who had been his father's secretary, and was now his own. She admitted they had not been able to find an apartment for Paul Alderson, nor Greg Philpott, for that matter. But she had put them in better than average boardinghouses near Westmount Park.

"Why wasn't I told about this? I hired these lads—we need them—and if we don't keep promises we won't be able to get the sort of people we need."

"You were in Winnipeg when the apartment business crystalized. Paul refused to pay 'key-money' or 'decoration money' or buy spindly furniture that wasn't usable. And for the money he wanted to spend as rent, nothing was available otherwise."

"Why didn't the company absorb the racket and say nothing?"

"I suggested that to Duncan and he said no."

"How do I reach the boardinghouse where you put Paul?"

"What's up? Is the sister still around?"

"What sister?" Why did he have to ask that?

"His twin—got leave from the decorating studio in Toronto where she works to come down and settle him in the non-existent apartment—this will be their first separation since birth, I understand. If mother hadn't gone in for her operation I meant to see something of the sister—"

"Where do I find his file?" Garth asked gently but firmly.

Five minutes later he had Paul Alderson's dossier. So she was twenty-four years old, and their last address had

been an apartment in Toronto. He found the telephone number of the apartment house and reached for the telephone. Then he put it back. What would he say? What had he to offer? He had no apartment, no "suitable living-quarters" to offer—and she was going back Monday night.

No apartment—no—he dug into his pocket and brought up the ring of keys Corinne had given him. The old house—the home-place. He paced the floor, his mind planning as carefully as if he

were charting a business graph.

Twenty minutes later he dialed the boardinghouse telephone number. Mr. Alderson had just driven off—Miss Alderson was there, he was told. He wished to speak with Miss Alderson, Garth said firmly.

"Paulette Alderson speaking." She emphasized the last syllable, as if not used to telephone calls here, as if anticipating a mistake.

"Garth McLeod," Garth said. "I have found you were quite right. We

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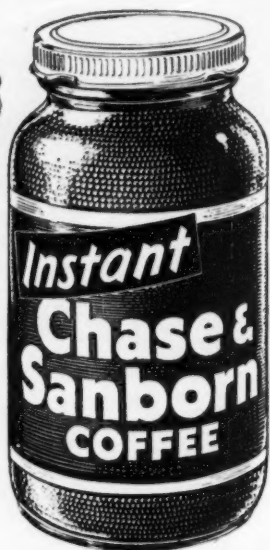
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rather fell flat on our faces about finding the apartment your brother was entitled to from our promise. I have an idea. May I drive in and speak to you about it?"

A breathless moment, then she said quickly, "My brother is on his way back to the plant—if you're still there. You could speak to him."

"Did you tell him of our meeting, then?" That wasn't fair.

"No, he would be upset—and it couldn't happen again. I shouldn't have blurted out about the apartment the company didn't find. I've walked the streets of Montreal enough to know the situation is rigid. I—it was childish. I felt guilty at being found where I had no business to be. I'm—sorry."

"I will be there in about twenty minutes."

"No, please." Almost he could hear her thinking. "I'm walking across the park presently to return some library books—"

"That would be Westmount Library. I'll meet you there." He hung up lest she change her mind.

She came down the steps as he circled the library drive-in. Though she looked different he knew he would have recognized her anywhere. Her hair was caught back into a thickly curling thatch with a black velvet bow. She wore a grey linen suit now with a yellow blouse that seemed lacy at the throat. As she came near enough he saw that the books she carried were on interior decoration, and knew a flash of satisfaction. His plan had a good chance, if she was that interested in her job.

Yet his first words were so far from

his plan, he was more surprised than she. "I know a little place on the Back River where we could sit on a terrace and—talk."

Her eyes darted over his shoulder to an empty bench beneath a tall wineglass elm. "Or," he said with a perfectly straight face, "we could sit over there." She started toward the bench.

He began at once, for she was obviously ill at ease. The company had come by an old house, and hoped one day to convert it into various sizes of living units for the experts they were bringing in on the new pulp process. He had simply not had time to do anything concrete about it.

"I wish you would forget what I said. It won't be so bad when I'm gone. Greg Philpott is taking my room, so Paul won't be alone."

"Then I won't waste your time with the old house, then." This was not in his plan, either. But she rose and said politely, "I'd like to look at the house. I am very fond of old houses, and Montreal has some fine ones." He knew a revival of hope.

They turned onto Sherbrooke a moment later and a few blocks east swerved up a steep avenue and stopped before the massive brownstone house where Garth had been born.

She was out when he got around the car, staring up at the Victorian structure with a gentle smile. "It reminds me of Old Queen Vic herself a little—in her later years, of course." Garth looked up again, at the squat breadth, the buxom second-floor bays and the regal crown of turrets and dormers. But Letty Alderson was running up the wide



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steps and he hastened to unlock the front door for her.

He followed her in silent amazement as she went through the house. Her eyes missed nothing, and he knew a queer sort of pleasure as her glance marveled at the fine paneling, admired the gracious circular sweep of the main stair. Then she would erase walls and build others visibly. Oh, she had risen to the lure. He would have the time he needed.

Time he needed? For the first time he admitted to himself that he not only wanted to redeem the firm's broken promise—he wanted most of all to have more time around this girl, to see if the feelings she roused in him were real, or only something dredged up on the rebound from Corinne's inciting statement, and his discovery about Adele.

They had to stand very close together in the tiny vestibule lift his father had installed when his mother had become an arthritic invalid. He identified her scent as lilac and it was as fresh and vital as she was herself, in the old abandoned house where he had grown up.

It took deft prodding to get her started, but soon she was speaking eagerly and with grave excitement of the possibilities the house presented for conversion. He found her ideas extremely practical. The basement, she said, being almost above ground and with a private entrance foyer under the front steps could be converted into bachelor apartments, and the first floor into studio apartments for young women, while the top floor with the privacy of the lift and the magnificent view of the river could be two family units. Then she surprised his glance on her lips and a curtain fell before her face. But her lips had been so mobile and warmly soft as she spoke—

He watched her turn toward the door and spoke quickly, "Come now and see what might be an immediate answer to Paul's problem."

She followed him through the house and out the back service entrance into a broad courtyard paved with old cobblestones. To one side neglected shrubs bordered an abandoned garden—at the other lay the broad building that had once been stable and carriage-house, and latterly housed cars. He watched her eyes find the quarters above he had always known as the Mews—with matching turrets and dormers to the house, and a little arcaaway for entry. Suddenly she was going across the courtyard toward that door and he was after her, singling the key from the others on the ring.

He went up the enclosed narrow little stairway behind her long slender legs, and when he reached the top she had gone into one of the bedrooms, and alone, the sight of the great stone fireplace, the inglenook dining corner, the old worn trestle-table, sent him back to his boyhood so completely he was only vaguely aware of heel taps back and forth. He was remembering Barney—the vast Irishman who had tended first the McLeod horses and carriages, then their cars, and found time besides to teach the McLeod boys about animals and motors and fellow humans, when their father became too busy. That old table—

He heard the voice finally, softly accusing. "You know this place! I

think the big house was your home—and out here you have spent happy hours with someone you loved—"

His eyes sought hers with sudden alertness. He knew a peculiar sort of recognition, as if somehow she was part of the far-off uncomplicated happiness he had known in this place with Barney! How absurd! Or was it a premonition that with her he might know again? He took refuge in the matter-of-fact, the formal, the safety of the real.

"Your brother could have space for his car below. With the private entrance it might appeal to him."

When she saw he did not mean to say more, she spoke. "Paul would love it. It's rather what I hoped to find—a little like the place we had together at home. If I had known sooner—"

☆ ☆ ☆

TAME GULL

By R. H. Grenville

I'll not deceive myself. He comes because
Lean hunger drives him to the haunts of men,
And not because a kindred spirit draws
His beauty to this narrow ledge again.
On winged white strength he wheels beyond the glass,
A fluttering cloud, descends upon the sill.
Too proud to cry, he waits for me to pass
His daily dole, not doubting that I will,
Then gobbles it voraciously, his neck
Distended by the measure of his greed.
He will not thank me for a single speck,
I know, and yet I cannot help but feed
The least of these by whom my soul was fed
When it had need of beauty more than bread.

☆ ☆ ☆

Garth spoke quickly, as if fearing silence in which alarming thoughts came. "He can have it for the rent he wrote he wished to pay. If you'll agree to a proposition I have to make to you."

"To me?"

"Yes, I haven't time to plan the remodeling, the decorating—to get rid of the furnishings that will not do—buy others necessary. Supervision will have to follow planning. I know it is your line. Stay on—get everything moving, and this place is Paul's."

"I couldn't possibly. I have a job waiting. When I asked for the last extension of leave my boss didn't like it. This would take days and days—weeks!"

"Telephone your boss again—ask for the rest of next week—maybe that will be time enough." Her eyes widened as they met his, almost as if she understood the subtler meaning of his words. For now Garth felt sure he would know in a matter of days.

"I'll call—tonight," she said, a little unsteadily.

Continued on page 37

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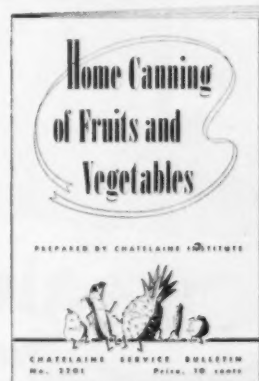
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Salads Men Like . . .

and Dressings to go with them

By PEGGY STROUD, *Chatelaine Institute*

"It's the dressing that makes the difference"—say men who know their salads. And here are dressings—tart or sweet—to please Canadian tastes. Be sure to try these Institute-tested recipes

BASIC FRENCH DRESSING

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1/4 teaspoon pepper |
| 1 to 2 teaspoons sugar or honey | 1/2 cup mild vinegar |
| 1/2 teaspoon paprika | 1 cup salad oil |

Mix seasonings. Add vinegar and then oil. Blend well, beating with a rotary beater or shaking in a tightly covered jar. Store covered in refrigerator. Shake vigorously before using. Makes 1 1/2 cups.

Variation:

Fruit French Dressing. In Basic French Dressing recipe, omit vinegar and add 1/2 cup pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 2 tablespoons honey.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

COOKED SALAD DRESSING

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 2 eggs | glutamate |
| 1/4 cup mild vinegar | 2 tablespoons flour |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1/4 cup sugar |
| 2 teaspoons dry mustard | 1 cup cold water |
| 1/2 teaspoon paprika | 3 tablespoons butter or margarine |
| 1/4 teaspoon monosodium | |

Beat eggs and vinegar in top of double boiler. Mix dry ingredients well with cold water and pour into egg mixture. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Add butter or margarine and stir until melted. Chill. Makes about 1 pint. Dressing may be thinned with sweet or sour cream.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

QUICK TOMATO MAYONNAISE

A never-fail, uniquely flavored dressing

- | | |
|--|----------------------------|
| 3 tablespoons butter or margarine | 1/4 teaspoon paprika |
| 3 tablespoons flour | 1/8 teaspoon pepper |
| 1 (10-ounce) tin condensed tomato soup | Few grains cayenne |
| 1 tablespoon sugar | 1 egg |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1 cup salad oil |
| 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard | 2 tablespoons mild vinegar |
| | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |

Melt butter or margarine in top of double boiler. Blend in flour. Mix in tomato soup and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture is very thick. Mix seasonings in a bowl. Add egg and blend well. Pour in oil and

hot tomato mixture and beat till thick and smooth. Add vinegar and lemon juice and beat well. Makes approx. 2 1/2 cups.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

GOLDEN FRUIT DRESSING

A stand-by you'll always want on hand

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 1/2 tablespoons cornstarch | 1/3 cup orange juice |
| 3 tablespoons granulated sugar | 2 tablespoons lemon juice |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 2 tablespoons butter or margarine |
| 1/2 cup canned pineapple juice | |

Mix dry ingredients in saucepan. Add pineapple and orange juice and cook over medium heat, stirring until thick and clear. Remove from heat, blend in lemon juice and butter or margarine. Chill. Makes 3/4 cup. May be thinned with cream or fruit juice.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

SOUR CREAM DRESSING

It's uncooked — good with either tossed greens or fruit.

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 cup sour cream | 1 teaspoon onion juice |
| 2 tablespoons sugar | 1 tablespoon mild vinegar |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 2 hard-cooked eggs, minced (optional) |
| 1/8 teaspoon paprika | |
| Few grains pepper | |

Beat cream with a wire whisk or fork. Add other ingredients in order blending well. Makes about 1 1/2 cups.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

GOURMET'S DRESSING

"Sharp — rich — distinguished"

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1/3 cup evaporated milk | chopped chives or |
| 1 cup bottled dressing or mayonnaise | 1 teaspoon minced onion |
| 1/4 to 1/2 cup blue cheese, crumbled | 1/4 teaspoon monosodium glutamate |
| 1 tablespoon | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |

Chill evaporated milk in freezer tray until crystals begin to form around the edge. Whip. Gently fold in dressing or mayonnaise. Blend in remaining ingredients. Makes about 1 pint. This will keep for several days in the refrigerator. Ideal with head lettuce, mixed vegetable or pear salads.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

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Continued from page 35
He handed her his card, the club telephone number scribbled on it. "Let me know anytime tonight." Then he left her there, at her own request. And he was whistling as he drove away.

She telephoned him about ten-thirty that night. She had the extension, and had already started preliminary sketches. She sounded businesslike—detached in her absorption. He promised to meet her at the house Monday evening, and hung up. Monday after work he drove by and found her already there, and finishing lists of furnishings. She presented him with such complete drawings and lists he did not see how she could have slept much over the week end, but she looked fresh and lovely, and Paul drove up for her, when he had promised that electricians and plumbers and the contractor's man would meet her next morning at nine. Her plans called for preparing the Mews for occupancy first, as the boys wanted to move in not later than Thursday night. With casein, quick-drying paints, and a minimum of remodeling needed, she thought it possible.

One thing clung in Garth's mind. "Boys?" he asked.

"Oh yes, Greg Philpott is taking the second little bedroom. He's so pleased." Maybe Greg was, Garth thought, but he was not. And as that tall young Westerner arrived as they were leaving, one look at the way he watched Letty was too much. Garth left a little dimmed as to assurance.

Tuesday he left the plant just after four. He would get there first, and ask her to dinner. He found her paint-smudged from mixing the colors for the bedrooms, her hair escaping the silken scarf she had tied about it, and looking more intriguing than ever. But even as he voiced his invitation he smelled the meat roasting in the tiny kitchen. She simply had to try out the stove, she said, and he must stay to dinner with them. Mutely, he accepted.

Dinner was surprisingly good when he noticed it. Greg tried to wait on Letty hand and foot, and she was not used to such attention, so there was a good deal of gay confusion. But afterward Greg volunteered to help her clear and do the dishes as the same thought was forming in Garth's mind. So he was taken down into the garage below to

check on the bookshelves the boys were building to house the books they expected out next day.

Garth was able to get away finally and almost ran up the narrow little stair. As he neared the top he paused, for an unnatural stillness prevailed above. He took another step, and saw framed in the kitchenette doorway, the alarming picture of Letty, dish-towel in hand, caught awkwardly but firmly in Greg Philpott's arms. In an instant she freed herself and Garth called out as he went on up. He joined them without speaking, turmoil and sudden realization in his heart.

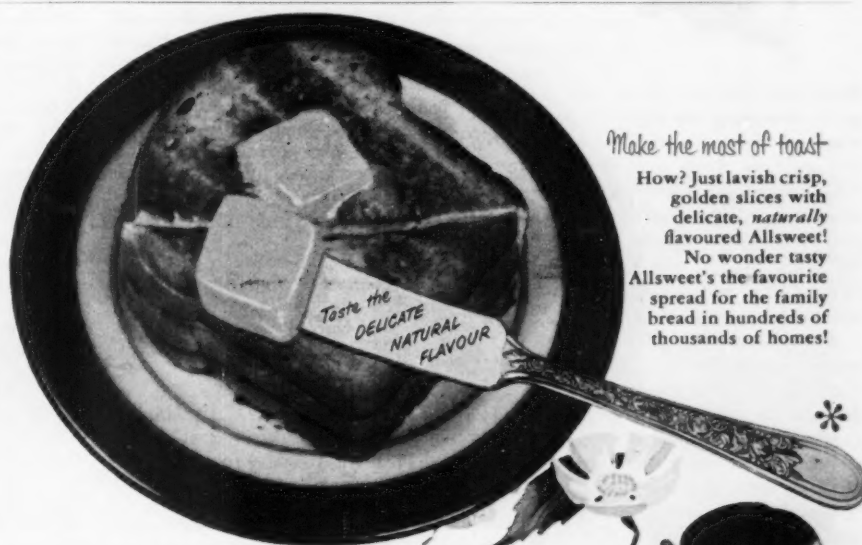
Who but he would know once and for all time that he loved a girl when he saw her in another man's arms? But he was comforted to see that Letty was rebukingly cool to Greg, and would not meet his eyes. Could it mean she had not enjoyed being in Greg's arms, or that she had been surprised to find she had enjoyed it?

When the last dish was done, Letty announced she was going back to the boardinghouse and get some sleep. Quickly Garth offered to drive her, and almost absently she accepted. Yet

as they drove down toward Sherbrooke and Letty noticed the rising moon wistfully, Garth departed from plan. Would she care to take a drive? Might it not clear her mind of cobwebs, and make sleep more certain? After only a moment's hesitation she agreed, and leaning back in total relaxation beside him, she was silent as she watched the things they passed, houses and people and buildings and tramcars—then country fields, and fall color gleaming dimly in the moonlight, and flashes of water. As they waited for the little ferry to carry them across the rapids between Ile Bizard and Laval, Garth spoke. He explained about the quaint little current-powered affair, even now crossing the swift waters for them. He got no reply. He saw she was sound asleep.

She still slept as he pulled up before the boardinghouse an hour later, so he lighted a cigarette to wait, and she stirred immediately, and sat up. "Thank you for driving me home. I think I'll sleep tonight—it's such a beautiful night, isn't it?" she finished drowsily.

"Yes," he said and walked up to the door with her. Someday he would take her driving that pleasant route again



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—and she would not be asleep. He drove away content.

As he stalked across the lobby of the club, Horace Symonds lurched up from a deep chair and stopped him. "Sit down a minute, boy, I want to talk to you." Garth took the adjoining chair and faced him. "Adele has told me about your little tiff at the club Saturday. Rather, Ferdie let something slip and I made her explain. You know, boy, how your father and I always hoped that you and Adele—" he left the sentence unfinished.

Garth dampened suddenly dry lips and said evenly, "Once, sir, it seemed in the cards, and I was wrong not to find out sooner if it still was. It isn't, and I'm sorry, if you are. Another casualty of the war. I think there was somebody who mattered more to her—while I was away."

The old man shrunk into himself a little. "He was killed in a training-field smash-up before he even got overseas. But since you've found no one else—"

Gently Garth cut in. "But I have, sir." Next morning Duncan came into his office as he was puzzling over a note on his desk to call Adele. "What the devil are you up to at the old house, Garth? You know Lynne's Aunt Harriet lives across the street there. She reports you go in and out at all hours of the night with strangers, particularly a young woman—and that workmen are ripping the place apart."

Garth explained briefly, and after digesting it Duncan approved gustily. "Good show! Get some revenue coming in to pay taxes!"

"Also allow Symonds-McLeod to keep their promises to people we bring into Montreal, about finding housing accommodation. One is Paul Alderson and the other is Greg Philpott. They will live in the Mews."

"Excellent." Duncan started out, turned at the door. "And Lynne will want to know who the girl is, of course."

"Tell Lynne you don't know," Garth said firmly, and was grateful that the telephone rang just then.

"Garth," it was Mona Irwin, "please call Adele. She's calling you again, and though I told her I'd left a note on your desk, she—"

"If she calls again say I'm busy." He hung up on Mona's spluttering. What could Adele want? If her father had reported their conversation, surely that was enough.

At four o'clock Mona came in, pink with annoyance. "I've just been called a liar in a very delicate musical voice, but I still don't like it. Will you call that girl before she gets on to father, and he's in my hair, too?"

Garth rose and reached for his hat. "Say I've left the office for the day."

He turned into the courtyard, parked his car beside another there and was almost to the door of the Mews when he did a quick double-take. The other car was a pale green convertible. He ran up the stairs to find the little rooms deserted. He ran across to the big house, collided with workmen coming out the service door, finished for the day. Miss Alderson, he asked them? Upstairs with another dame, they replied. He ran up another set of stairs and paused to listen. He heard Adele's lilting voice, and ran along to the big room that had been his mother's bedroom.

Halfway up a stepladder he found Letty, hammer and a bit of molding she'd just removed in her hands. Around the ladder paced Adele, cool and svelte, in beige almost exactly the color of her hair. She wheeled and cried out in greeting as she saw Garth.

"Darling! What simply wonderful things you're doing here! How clever of you to turn the place into flats. I was horribly afraid at first you'd decided to renovate, that you might be expecting me to live here—"

Slowly, Adele had run down, probably by the look of distaste he knew he must be wearing. "I can't believe you really thought that, Adele. Letty—" he turned for Letty had been quietly coming down the ladder.

"If you will excuse me." She did not meet his eyes.

"Letty, wait—have you met Miss Symonds?" Letty paused to nod, then she was gone, and Garth turned finally to Adele, disarmed abruptly by the fact that her beautifully controlled face was crumpling in dismay. She ran to him.

who really want a playroom, and those whose teens and twenties are in the rumpus-and-square-dance bracket. And while the Trans-Canada Room is designed to give brother and sister a permanent place for their main play interests, so that adults won't be constantly having to cry "Put everything away!" it is also laid out so that grownups can enjoy its uncluttered floor space and comfortable storage bench when the children are in bed.

But obviously there aren't just two neatly classifiable types of families, nor do we suggest for a minute any of the recreation-room ideas presented here should be adopted "as is" by any family. These are just starting points to spark interesting variations or entirely different ideas to suit the needs and likes of your family. If one of them inspires one of your young fry to a scornful, "I've got a better idea than that!"—go to it.

Specific suggestions for floor, wall and ceiling treatments, and for color schemes, follow in this article. But you will want to refer to the funda-

"Garth, why did I do that? That pretty girl who loves you—every word she said about what you're doing here told how much—" Adele stopped speaking, and her eyes widened. "You didn't know? Garth, Garth! And you love her. And Saturday I thought you were going to ask me to marry you—when you were only going to tell me!" She caught his arms in her hands and leaned close. "I was afraid to meet you alone Saturday—to face you. Garth I could never have married you. I was not whole—I hadn't heart enough left after Ian—and now we can be friends again—at long last!"

Garth looked down at her for a long moment, then he took her face gently in his hands and kissed her lightly—a kiss of greeting as to a long-absent, returning friend. She released herself then.

"Go tell her you love her. You're so deliberate, Garth—don't wait another instant. She's right for you. I felt it when I saw her. Try to explain about me so she—will be a friend, too."

As Garth started up the stairs of the Mews moments later Letty was coming down, hat and purse and gloves clutched in her hands. For a frozen instant they faced each other and Garth started on up, and she began to back, and because her eyes were glistening with tears she would have stumbled if he had not been quick. And while he held her and she finished with her weeping he explained about Adele, about himself, but only after telling her of his love.

"Now, will you make another telephone call—long distance. Quit your job—say you've had a more permanent offer."

She looked up then, a little wryly. "I haven't a job to quit. I—I was fired Saturday night when I asked for a few more days. I—"

Garth laughed softly. "Then you—" The sound of car doors slamming shut came briskly. Letty listened a moment.

"It's Paul and Greg! Paul hasn't an inkling—how can I explain to him! Oh, Garth, I'll never be able to explain."

Garth bent closely, and whispered, "Paul's a bright boy—I think he'll catch on." As Paul's feet started up the stairs, Garth bent swiftly to Letty's lips. ♦

mental rules for home decorating established in the first lesson in this course which you are probably saving in your personal Home Decorating Guidebook. In this large scrapbook, which provides space to keep all these lessons and other home-decorating hints clipped from advertisements and other sources, you can now start your section on recreation rooms. (See page 54 for instructions how to obtain back copies containing earlier lessons you may have missed, including suggestions for making your personal Home Decorating Guidebook, playing the "color jigsaw" game, etc.)

Floor Treatments

Colored concrete. If you are building a new house, or laying a new concrete floor in an old basement, you can now have color mixed right in with your concrete to provide a permanent color finish.

Painted floors. A broad range of attractive floor paints is available, some made specially for use on concrete. Under the heavy wear given a recreation room floor, however, nearly any paint

5 ROOMS FOR FUN

Continued from page 21

more useful, either. The huge old-fashioned wardrobe doesn't merely camouflage the modern TV set in the Habitant Room—it protects it, along with a store of records for the built-in record player, from over-exuberant youngsters. And since not all recreation rooms, even those basement rooms intended for the purpose, have proper heating, what more practical idea than a stove for warmth as well as the fun of doing your late-snack cooking on the spot?

We watched for features that would lend themselves to the transformation of old basements not intended for recreation rooms, too; hence the post treatments in the Habitant Room and the Sea Chanty Room—and the possibilities in turning awkward pillars into totem poles are obvious.

We kept in mind two types of families, too—the family with younger children

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Cream-Toning is easy... follow these simple steps!



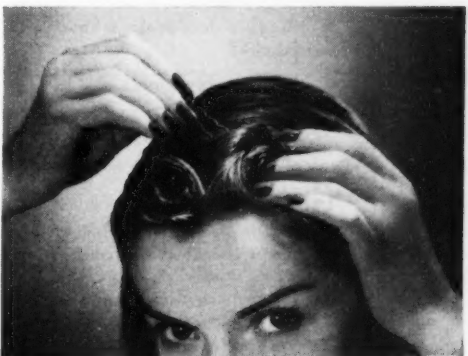
1 Brush your hair vigorously, then part it section by section, rubbing Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing gently but thoroughly along each part. Let the soothing, lanolated oils relax, caress every inch of your scalp.



2 Continue rubbing until both scalp and hair are cream-washed, cream-toned. Feel the rich oils in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing work their soothing, magic way to the very ends of your hair.



3 Leave the Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on your hair for a few minutes, a half hour or over night. Then shampoo with quick-sudsing Lady Wildroot Shampoo that cuts grease, floods away loose dandruff and grime.



4 Now look at your hair! Notice how pink and clean your scalp is... how soft and pliable every strand of hair! Glory in how easy it is to set... to manage. Your wave goes in with very little coaxing.



5 Whatever your problem... dandruff... stiff, dry hair... a frizzy permanent... let CREAM-TONING solve it... give you lovelier, more manageable, more glamorous hair than you ever dreamed possible.



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Between Cream-Toning... use Lady Wildroot for quick touch-ups and to keep hair well-groomed.
When shampooing... if you lack time for CREAM-TONING, add a teaspoonful of Lady Wildroot to your final rinse, to wash away the snarls and tangles.

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is liable to chip off. One suggestion: stipple or splatter with a second color, so that effects of wear will be less noticeable.

Asphalt (or mastic) tiles can be applied directly to your concrete basement floor by the householder, an instruction kit containing full details being available at all dealers. The important thing is that very rough surfaces should be leveled out with a layer of "cold mastic," a black asphalt paste which, after hardening, will provide a perfectly smooth base to which to cement the asphalt tiles.

Linoleum and rubber tiles add to the variety of materials and patterns available for basement use but should never be applied directly to the concrete floor because affected by dampness. They can be cemented down to a smooth plywood flooring—provided precautions are taken to combat dampness in laying the floor, as follows:

Laying wooden floors of any kind over a basement concrete floor your prime concern must be to prevent condensation of moisture from the air beneath the floor. Floor should be laid on two-by-four sleepers, and there are two ways to prevent dampness reaching the flooring itself. Some authorities feel that adequate ventilation will prevent all trouble—holes drilled or slits cut along the edge of the floor to permit free circulation of air under it. Others recommend more elaborate precautions: fill the intervals between sleepers flush with concrete, or sand, then cover the whole surface with a membrane of tarred felt, and then lay your wooden flooring. Sheets of plywood, sanded side up, provide the smooth surface required for laying rubber or linoleum tile. Any type of planking you wish is suitable otherwise.

Rug treatments may be used effectively on either painted concrete or wooden floors, adding warmth, pattern and color to the room and also protecting your painted surface in heavy traffic areas. Linoleum and raffia rugs are both practical for basement use, or you can use small scatter rugs. To suit your room's motif you can choose from tanned animal skins (as shown in Totem Room, and suitable also in Stampede Room, of course) to Canadian hooked rugs (for a Habitant Room) and plain but colorful rag mats. Small shaggy cotton rugs for just this purpose come in a large variety of hues and wash easily.

Wall Treatments

Cellar wall paints that act as a sealer against dampness now come in a variety of delightful colors and you also have a choice of texture—a type that goes on smoothly over the poured concrete or concrete block surface, and another that gives a roughcast plaster effect. These paints come in powder form, to be mixed

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with water, and are usually applied with a rough brush like a whitewash brush.

Plank paneling in a variety of finishes may be nailed to wooden stripping. Boards may run horizontally (as in Sea Chanty Room) or vertically (as in Stampede Room) to give desired atmosphere; but remember that horizontal lines will tend to make wall seem wider, while vertical boards will add height. Knotty pine boards have a beautiful natural color that is hard to equal; almost any wood you use will have real beauty when merely oiled or waxed and left its natural color. Or you may rub the boards with any color paint desired to harmonize with your room, and still retain the natural grain finish which would be lost under paint applied in the usual way.

Plywood and veneer panels may be obtained to provide the appearance of any desired type of wood and in a variety of novel rough textures. Such panels are less likely to warp with basement dampness than is wood plank-ing.

Composition wallboards are not only easy to cut and nail to the stripping for a neat job, but most of them have the advantage of being not only fireproof but moisture and even insect proof.

Similar materials as for walls are available to provide a variety of ceiling effects, ranging from cheap but attractively colored cardboard to expensive wallboards. Cellar rafters should be covered to give most recreation rooms a finished appearance, but the rafters themselves become a natural part of your decor in themes similar to the Habitant and Stampede rooms.

Basement pipes may be hidden with false ceilings—be sure to use fireproof material near hot pipes. If the ceiling of an old basement is a tangle of asbestos-wrapped pipes, too numerous to cover up, spray-painting them ceiling

color will make them less conspicuous at minimum cost and labor.

Basements are usually dark. So in choosing a window treatment that is in keeping with your design theme, be sure that it gives you the privacy you desire at night without cutting off any daylight.

Venetian blinds, for instance, are suitable for the Trans-Canada Room, but mount them to clear the top of the window when raised, if space between window and ceiling permits.

Curtains of blue denim might be attractive in the Sea Chanty Room, but with these or other curtains have rods long enough so that curtains may be drawn free of the window by day.

Quebec homespun makes a gay and practical curtaining for the Habitant Room, with foldback shutters an alternative.

Brightly colored felt curtains that require no hemming would add the right touch to the Stampede Room.

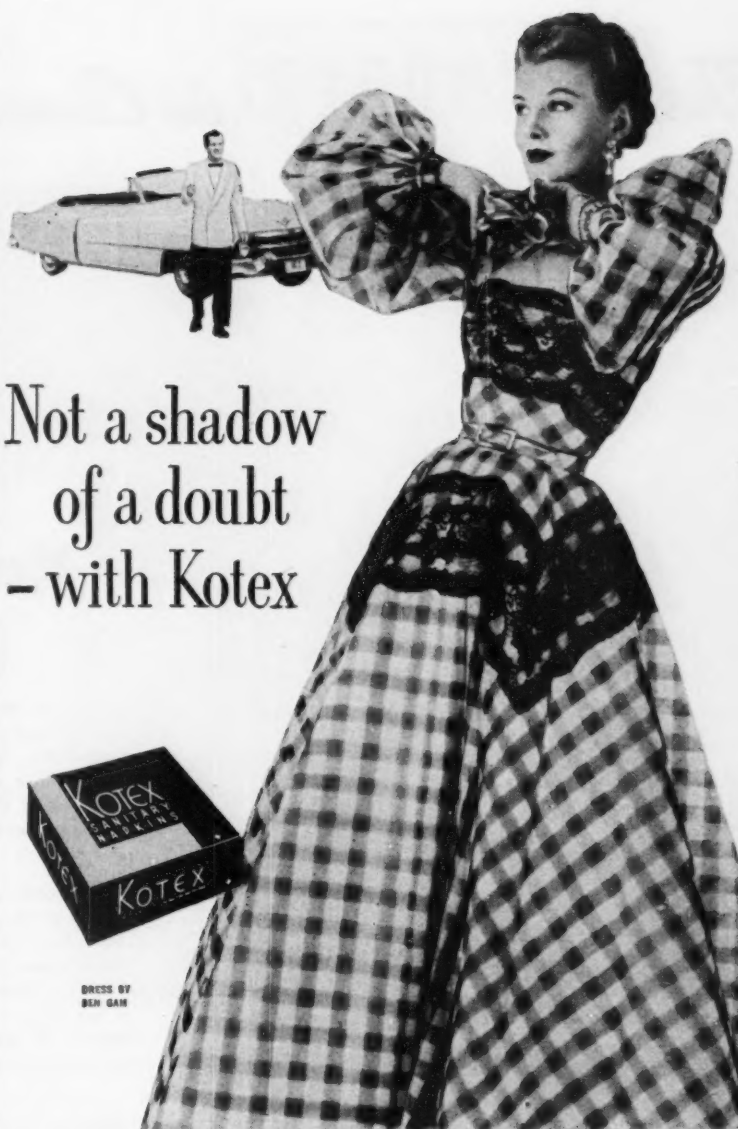
Indian bead embroidery, sewn to canvas, would turn the trick for the Totem Room—or you might stencil any Indian design that appeals to you (we got ours from a picture of a tepee) on factory cotton.

Because basement windows are small and usually high on the wall, let them be gay splashes of color—and made from materials that do not soil easily and which you can obtain inexpensively.

Furniture

Folding garden-style chairs, which can be removed and stacked easily for games and dancing, are the thing for any recreation room—and you can cover them in anything from catalogue to cowhide to suit your motif. While basement rooms are likely to fall heir to discarded furniture, don't encumber a playroom with heavy, ponderous

Continued on next page



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How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ Buy a new belt ☐ Circle your calendar
☐ Perk up your wardrobe



Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries pronto! So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt now. (Why not buy two—for a change?)

P.S. Have you tried Delsey? Delsey* is the new toilet tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex*. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

*T. M. Reg.

COLOR SCHEMES

FOR CANADIAN RECREATION ROOMS

TRANS-CANADA ROOM

WALLS: wheat beige. CEILING: pale sun yellow. FLOOR: Nova Scotia earth red. FURNITURE: Canadian copper. ACCESSORIES: same as ceiling.

TOTEM POLE ROOM

WALLS: pine green. CEILING: pale sunset turquoise. FLOOR: pine green. FURNITURE: Indian yellow red and turquoise. ACCESSORIES: white.

HABITANT ROOM

WALLS: whitewash. CEILING: whitewash. FLOOR: field poppy red. FURNITURE: cornflower blue, daisy yellow. ACCESSORIES: daisy yellow.

STAMPEDE ROOM

WALLS: natural pine. CEILING: natural pine. FLOOR: earth brown. FURNITURE: pony skin tans and browns. ACCESSORIES: jade green.

SEA CHANTY ROOM

WALL: clear day sky blue. CEILING: white. FLOOR: navy blue. FURNITURE: blue and rock grey. ACCESSORIES: white.

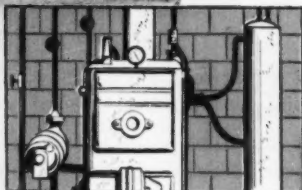
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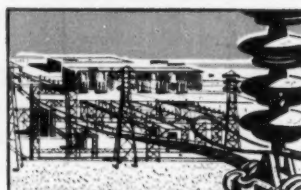
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pieces. Suitable pieces can be remodeled and recovered to fit your room.

Television sets, radios and record players (and records) can be camouflaged so as not to clash with the design of any room—and the cupboards and shelves housing them also offer protection against boisterous youngsters.

Sports equipment, from skis to fishing poles, will add to the decor of certain rooms and thus earn off-season storage space on pillars and walls—but rack only on inside walls away from dampness, and put skis, etc., in proper presses.

Whenever possible in basement rooms place small tots' equipment off the floor where they may reach it from a standing position—or kneeling on a bench, as in the model railroad set up in our Trans-Canada Room. The "veranda" on the doll's house serves the same purpose, as well as providing added drawer space.

Blackboards and drawing tables that hinge to the wall delight the little people—and leave you with much less chaos in the centre of the room.

Another small-fry tip—good-size pegs for children's coats and snowsuits mounted at children's height in the cellarway, will tend to keep young visitors from trekking through upstairs territory.

If you can partition off laundry and furnace room only with great loss of space, sometimes you can make them fit your room or camouflage them. A compact modern oil furnace, painted to blend with your color scheme, will cease to be such an eyesore—and perhaps be welcome for its heat. When a permanent fireproof partition is not feasible, curtains of heavy material, venetian blinds that will drop to floor level or bamboo veranda screens may solve your problem.

One reason against raising new partitions is that this may cut off needed drying room for wet washdays, besides shrinking the recreation room itself. In one Chatelaine home we discovered a trim, plywood cabinet on casters, with an open side designed to slide over the washtubs and turn them into a handy service bar. The linoleum-topped counter was stepped up at the back to cover the projecting taps, and both levels were neatly edged with metal stripping. Nearby on the wall were mounted clothesline reels, which reel in clothesline when not in use. On wash day, lines are unreel full length of the recreation room and looped over inconspicuous hooks on the far wall.

Color schemes for the five "Canadian rooms" illustrated on pages 20-21 will be found in box on page 41. These may of course be varied to suit your own adaptation of these themes. Refer to fundamental rules for drawing color schemes from nature, in Lesson 1.

Next month, in September Chatelaine, Catherine Fraser will apply the principles of home decoration to the dining room.♦

☆ ☆ ☆

FORECAST

By Lorrie McLaughlin

More sure to a mother than death
or taxes,
Are mud-crusted children the day
that she waxes.

☆ ☆ ☆

CHATELAINE—AUGUST, 1952

FIGURES

AREN'T

BORN—

THEY'RE

PLANNED



Don't blame the zipper... that extra baggage is due to a lazy summer, an appetite and beat-the-heat togger!

By ROSEMARY BOXER

Summer has been long and lazy—you've enjoyed long shimmering days of uninterrupted ease at the cottage or at home napping, playing and eating!

But now, the tempo quickens as autumn rolls around. You begin to think of your fall and winter wardrobe, your bridge club, parties, clubs, dinners.

So you don your dress-up girdle which has been in a bureau drawer all summer and dive into your clothes closet to try on the remains of last fall's clothes. You tug frantically at the trim dinner suit but the skirt zipper frustrates you—doesn't seem to want to close, or maybe you can't even get the skirt past your hips!

Now, let's face it. You have a few weeks grace so don't rush into a frantic diet and starve yourself to death. And never resort to one of those quickie "quack" diets. Many tragic lines have been written about women who dieted themselves unwisely into ill health.

The following are some general rules that will help you to a lovelier figure.

Eat Every Day

	Average Calories
1 average serving of lean meat, fowl or fish (3½ ounces cooked weight).....	180
1 egg.....	75
2 tbs. of cottage cheese.....	60
3 glasses (1½ pints) of skim milk.....	280
3 or 4 servings of vegetables, including at least 1 green leafy vegetable.....	55
3 servings of fruit, including 1 citrus fruit.....	120
2 slices of whole grain or enriched bread.....	145
3 teaspoons of butter, margarine or other fat (total for cooking and for bread).....	115
Average total calories.....	1,030

Use Moderately—salt, pepper, vinegar, all other seasonings; tea and coffee (always without sugar or cream); clear bouillon or consommé.

Eat Lots of These Vegetables

Asparagus	Marrow
Cabbage	Spinach
Celery	Squash, summer
Cucumber	Tomato

Go Easy On

Beets	Peas, green
Carrots	Potatoes
Corn, green	Squash, yellow
Lima Beans	String Beans
Onions	Turnips

Eat Lots of These Fruits

Blackberries	Peach
Cantaloupe	Pineapple
Cranberries	Rhubarb
Grapefruit	Strawberries
Lemon	Tangerine
Orange	Watermelon

Go Easy On

Apricot	Grapes
Banana	Pear
Blueberries	Plums
Cherries	Prunes, fresh
Currants, fresh	Raspberries

Loss of weight should always be gradual. Weigh yourself every week while you are on your diet. Keep a written record of your weight. This will boost your morale when you begin to think that you will never lose that bulk. Don't skip meals and don't eat in between. If you do, deduct every snack from your daily food allowance. Don't drink large amounts of water with your meals. ♦

That Other You Could Wreck Your Marriage!



Your married happiness depends on the real you... confident you, never doubting your intimate feminine hygiene. Don't risk becoming another you!

Always make sure of feminine daintiness... douche regularly with "Lysol"! "Lysol" cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. No makeshift like soap, salt or soda can possibly act the same way!

"Lysol" is the famous disinfectant with amazing, proved power to kill germ-life quickly on contact!

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tions on every bottle. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol", just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as needed. No greasy aftereffect.

Don't run this risk! Don't let neglect create a "dual personality"... another you, full of doubts, misgivings and inhibitions! Don't let that other you destroy your love!

Get "Lysol" brand disinfectant today, and use it regularly.

How "Lysol" wages war on germs



UNLIKE BLEACHES, which call for thorough cleaning, before disinfecting—and disinfect only temporarily—"Lysol" kills disease germs as you clean.

Regular use of "Lysol" leaves a continuing anti-germ blanket between cleanings!

MAKE SURE "Lysol" goes into all cleaning water, to fight germs on your floors, walls, furniture!

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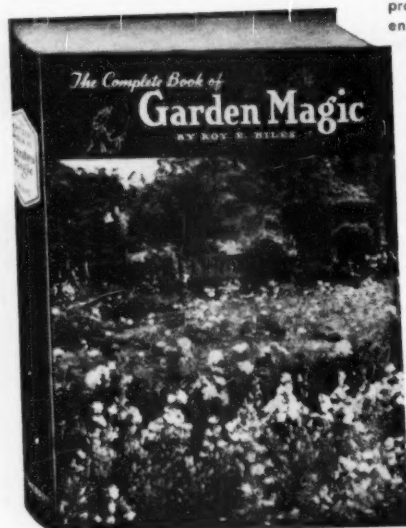
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KNOW YOUR FURS

Continued from page 13

Remember... when you make a mistake in buying a fur coat, it's one you'll have to live with for a long time, and you'll have no one to blame but yourself.

Always store your coat during spring and summer. Storage plants provide the dry cold necessary to maintain lustrous fur and stronger, more pliable leather. Storing furs in your home leaves them subject to dampness or heat which will eventually destroy the texture. Storage plants also protect your coat from fire, theft and moth damage.

Do's and Don'ts on the Care of These Coats

Sheared Rabbit. After a day's outing, shake the coat briskly to rid the pile of dust and grit—never brush. Have it cleaned every year.

Silver Fox. Shake and fluff up fur after wearing, and cold-store during spring and summer. Never brush this fur.

Chinese Kidskin. To clean dust and grime from fur, shake briskly. Don't brush. Have it cleaned every year. It will fade in time but furs can be replaced.

Mouton (processed lamb). Shaking will dislodge dust and grit. Can be brushed and combed lightly. Have it cleaned every year. The "electrifying" process brings up badly rubbed areas of the fur. **Dropped Rabbit.** This fur sheds and should never be brushed. Could be blown with a vacuum cleaner (not vacuumed, though). Have it cleaned every year.

Canadian Squirrel. A perishable fur and should only be worn as a "dress" coat. Have it cleaned every year. Damaged pelts can be replaced provided the shade can be matched.

Persian Lamb. Must not be brushed or combed. Shake briskly to whisk away dust and fluff from the curl. Have it cleaned annually. The pelt is good for 12 to 15 years, but damaged skins are difficult to replace because time mellows the original shade.

Dropped Muskrat. Should be shaken well and brushed lightly after each wearing. Have it professionally cleaned every year.

Sheared Raccoon. This is a ground fur (long guard hairs are sheared off leaving "ground" which is thick and soft—similar to beaver). It definitely needs cleaning every year. Pelts are difficult to replace.

Black Persian Lamb. Always store during warm weather and have it cleaned every year. A long-wearing coat and easy to care for. Never brush this fur, but shake well to remove daily accumulation of dust and grit.

Black Seal. Fur will fluff up without brushing. Have it cleaned every year. The leather is tough and the fur long-wearing.

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THE WIFE WHO COPEs

Continued from page 15

country she seldom came to London. She had been educated first at home, then sent to a modest boarding school for girls of refined family, and was "finished" at the Sorbonne in Paris. Her personal allowance afterward was small and only permitted occasional visits to the theatre or opera in London. She was twenty-three years old when she met Winston, a tall graceful young woman with kindly understanding eyes, beautiful brown hair, and a serenity which shed a gentle radiance on a room when she entered it. The tempestuous Churchill took one look at her and decided to attack in full force.

Every man of vital intellectual force longs for repose so that after a period of calm he can ride out into the lists again. To Churchill with his erratic temperament and rebellious genius this young woman offered a nature uncomplicated by temperament or genius. He not only wanted her but needed her. Serenity which degenerates into placidity would have repelled him but Clementine. Hozier had a strength and vitality of her own which were not the less real but they were under control.

Helpmeet to a Tempest

London took a day off to enjoy the wedding. Churchill had become a famous character with his unorthodox hats, his adventures in the Boer War, his pugnacity in Parliament and his refusal to conform to the rules of society. On the evening before the wedding he and his fiancée occupied a box at the theatre and stole the show. But all this was nothing to the excitement of the wedding itself.

Parliament adjourned for the occasion, an extraordinary thing in itself. The wedding was at St. Margaret's, Westminster, adjoining the Abbey, (St. Margaret's is the M.P.'s church) and the London crowds cheered hilariously as "good old Winnie!" and his best man, David Lloyd George, drove around Parliament Square. I do not doubt for a moment that the bridegroom, looking on the famous spot, said to himself: "I am being married at St. Margaret's. I shall become Prime Minister across the road, and I shall be buried there in the Abbey."

As for the bride she was a thing of loveliness. The sun shone upon her and even the Thames murmured its appreciation. The honeymoon was a short one because stormy scenes were occurring in Parliament and Churchill had to be there. So they took a modest house in London and "Clemmie" Churchill began her destiny as wife and mother—not only wife to Winston but almost a mother to him as well for he proved to be the most turbulent member of a turbulent family. Her life's task spread before her, that of being companion and helpmeet to the most tempestuous figure in British political life.

If Churchill foresaw his future as he drove around Parliament Square on his wedding day, I wonder if Clementine with her woman's intuition did not sense that together they would see such savage changes of fortune as would not only test his courage to the breaking point but call on her for such patience as only a great woman could command.

It might have been thought that the fates would give Churchill a tranquil family life to offset the raging storms of his political career, but it was not to be. There was no calm for him, no restful twilight, except when he could steal away with his wife and spend happy hours painting in the South of France.

Their first child Randolph was a forceful baby who wanted his own way almost before he had grown a tooth in his infant head. Randolph was followed by four sisters, which was a pity. A

brother, even though younger, would have been a useful corrective for a nature almost as tempestuous as his father's.

The first daughter was an exquisite little thing and Winston raved about her with a father's pride and an artist's appreciation of beauty. Then, while still a child, she fell ill and died.

Churchill was inconsolable. His fiery generous nature rebelled at the cruelty of fate. "Why, why, why?" he demanded, with the tears running down his face. And Clementine soothed him

and calmed him though her own heart was breaking. It was the beginning of her heavy life-long task, the task of softening the blows of fate aimed at her husband. She had to hide the grief of a mother and turn to the most wayward of her children—her husband. But it was a long time before he recovered from the blow of his little daughter's death.

The years went on and in the course of time the Churchill children were of marriageable age. Here again Winston and his wife were to experience bitter

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disappointments. It seemed as if the fates were determined to punish him for the motto of his family: "Brave but unfortunate."

Marital Trouble Ahead

The sweet little red-haired Diana married first, her husband being John Bailey (now Sir John) the son of the South African magnate Sir Abe Bailey. There was a divorce and again Winston was deeply hurt. But then the fates took a hand in Diana's fortunes. In 1934 there came a by-election at Norwood and the young, good looking Duncan Sandys with his diplomatic background was adopted by the local Conservative Association in that constituency. At that time Winston was a Tory rebel (he had left the Liberal Party some years before) determined to oppose and remove Stanley Baldwin from the Premiership. So he sent his son Randolph to fight Sandys as an Independent. Sister Diana, who had divorced her husband, went along to help Randolph. One day she encountered Sandys and told him what she thought of him, and for all her gentleness she is a Churchill.

Sandys won the by-election and almost immediately married Diana! Today he is Minister of Supply and whenever he speaks she is in the gallery to lend him encouragement.

But there was more marital trouble ahead in the Churchill family, lots and lots of trouble. Sarah, the eldest daughter, with something of her mother's beauty fell in love with Vic Oliver, a dinner jacket violinist-comedian who had been a bank clerk in Vienna. He was an Austrian of quite good family, but he preferred violin playing to his job in the bank. So he went to London and at once became a stage and night club favorite with his violin but more especially his risqué jokes. In fact his humor depended almost entirely on the vagaries of sex, but off-stage he was intelligent and had charm.

Sarah fell for him with all the thoroughness which characterizes the Churchill blood. To the horror of the family she ran off to New York with the intention of marrying Oliver there, and by the next ship brother Randolph crossed the Atlantic to prevent the marriage. But Sarah had her way, and Randolph was best man. The marriage lasted for some time but it was really doomed from the start. Eventually they divorced.

By that time Winston was Prime Minister and the war was raging against dictators. It is said that when Winston heard Mussolini had been assassinated he remarked: "It is a sad ending for him but at least he had the ineffable satisfaction of shooting his son-in-law before departing from this world."

Sarah is now married to Anthony Beauchamp, a young and gifted English photographer. She is a favorite on American television and an actress of moderate accomplishment. In appearance and in nature she is more like her mother than any of the others.

Clemmie and Winnie

The most beautiful of the girls however is Mary, the youngest. She was her father's favorite and did much to compensate him for the death of the first-born. Mary was in the Women's Auxiliary Services in the war and accompanied her father on many of his journeys. She is a beautiful little creature and after the war it was no wonder that Christopher Soames at the British Embassy in Paris fell for her with a thud. He is now a Tory M.P. and also looks after Churchill's racing interests, for the old man no longer despises the turf.

So far then we have three daughters with five marriages between them. Randolph, the only son, brings the total up to seven. He married the exquisite, red-haired Pamela, daughter of Lord Digby. She has beauty, charm and even wit. What is more, in due

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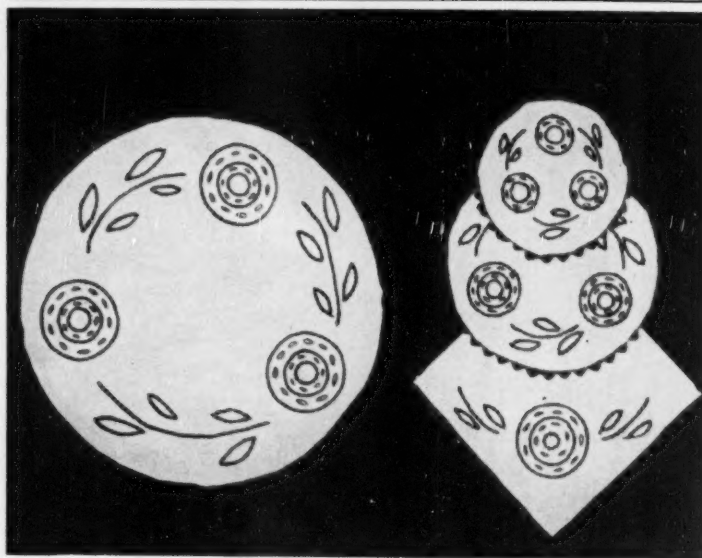
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season she presented him with a son who was given the name of Winston. Britain rejoiced openly and heartily. But Randolph went to the wars, and when he was not fighting the Germans he was fighting a lot of people in England. He has great courage, great tenacity and no tact whatever. In fact he has a genius for offending people, but his stubborn loyalty to his father wins the admiration even of his enemies.

Four times he has stood for Parliament and four times he has been defeated. The only occasion he became an M.P. was in the war when there was a by-election but no contest. His marriage was dissolved after the war and, a year later, he married again. I am afraid that it will never be possible to say that he lived happily ever afterward. Randolph is born to adventure but not to happiness, but it is never easy to be a great man's son.

But all these family doings and undoings are nothing compared to the epic drama of Clemmie and Winston themselves. Not once but again and again he was to reel back from malevolent misfortune and say that there was no place left for him in public life. Not once, but again and again, it was her task to say that he was wrong, that his star would rise again when destiny needed him. Thus with her womanliness she would sustain his spirit and then put his brush or his pen in his hands so that he could forget reality in a gentler form of self-expression.

When he came to power in the war and Parliament was acclaiming him as the nation's leader she must have looked down from the gallery and said to herself: "I had to cheer him when they mocked him. I had to keep his faith alive when they said his day was over. I had to ride the tempest with him when they did not care where the wind blew him."

But being a woman with a delicious sense of humor she probably then added: "And now my job will be to tell him that he is not as big as he thinks he is—and as they think he is! This is going to be a tough war for me too."

In the 1914 war Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, gambled everything on Gallipoli and lost. So he was dismissed from office and came home to tell Clemmie that in the very clash and peak of the war he had been dismissed like an office boy. And being a wife, not basically different from other wives, she almost certainly said: "Well, Winston, you probably made mistakes and you will know better next time."

Next time! With his career in ruins she talks of next time as if it was just another deal of the cards! Women . . . they are like that. They do not understand the magnitude of great events. He would go to France as a soldier and die on the bayonets of the enemy!

Deflating the Tire

He did go to France where he commanded a battalion, but he did not die. After a few months he was recalled by the Government and given another ministerial appointment.

But in 1922 he was defeated in the general election—this being the fourth time he had been rejected at the polls in his political career. Think of it! Not even a private member of Parliament, not even a back-bencher! Night had come like a curtain that would never rise again.

So Clemmie told him to be patient, told him that he was a great man, told him that he was a genius, told him that history would acclaim him and that someday the nation would send for him to lead it. I don't know and I don't care whether she believed it or not. She treated Winston like a pneumatic tire, deflating it when it looked like bursting and pumping air into it when it was flat. She can never remember a period when the tire was just in normal condition.

It was in the Abdication crisis (by that time he was an M.P. again) that his fortunes fell to their lowest ebb. His generous spirit overcame his judgment and he not only backed the young King but threatened to raise a King's Party to challenge Baldwin's Government. He was howled down in the House and walked out like an angry bear to the jeers and hootings of the members.

Let every woman look at the next decade of Churchill's life and imagine what a task his wife had to perform.

From 1930 to 1940 he held no office. Translated into terms of human life this man of genius and boundless energy was politically unemployed from fifty-five years of age to sixty-five. Yet those are the years when successful men reap the harvest of their fortunes. It is the golden decade for men of genius or even just ability.

To his eternal credit Churchill never lost spirit nor allowed the fine edge of his mind to be blunted by discouragement. He found solace in painting and al-



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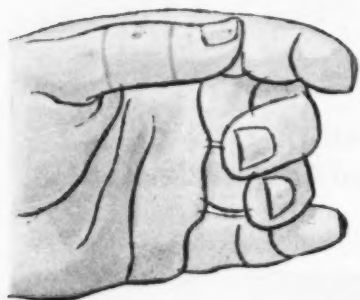
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though only a private member in the Commons at a salary of 600 pounds a year he never was absent in a big debate and spoke words of grave warning about the gathering threat of war. Thus when he came to supreme office at the age of sixty-five he brought to the service of Britain and the civilized world a mind and spirit supremely ready for the challenge of the fates.

Yet there was one person whom the crowd forgot, the wife who had been by his side through those long years in the wilderness. There were times when she must have envied the people who live by the slopes of Mount Vesuvius which only occasionally erupts and is then quiet. She held his turbulent spirit in her delicate hands, she gave him companionship without weakening him with mere sympathy, she took him to the countryside where as an artist he found the sweet calm of creating beauty on canvas and she kept the troubles of her children in true perspective because, if I may repeat the words, she knew that Winston was at once her husband and her most difficult child.

History delights in recording the achievements of great men, but history has a blind eye when it comes to great wives. A hundred years from now people will talk of Churchill and envy those of us who lived in his times. But they will give far less thought to Clementine than to Sarah, the wife of Winston's famous ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough, a woman of such vile temper that the Duke was glad to get away to the wars, and poor Queen Anne was driven to tears.

That, as the philosophers say, is life.♦

MODERN WOMAN

Continued from page 15

the physical obstacles alone which bar her way. If she solves them somehow, through co-operation with her mother or friend, and becomes really interested and involved in some outside project, she receives spoken and unspoken criticism. Friends and neighbors ask, "Why does she neglect her children? Has she rejected them emotionally? Or has she rejected her own role as a woman? Is she becoming one of those masculine women? Will she end up as a battle-axe?"

"No," says the young woman herself. "No, I don't want to be like that either." But inside her is the depressing realization that, in spite of all the opportunities she has had, she will end up as a dull housewife. No matter how much she loves her husband and children, she finds the routines physically exhausting and mentally stupefying, while the loneliness is sometimes almost more than she can bear. Yet she sees no way out. She sees nothing ahead. And she is bewildered because she doesn't see how it all came about.

Several years ago we both happened to be judges in a competition sponsored by a very popular magazine. The contestants were women, most of them quite young. The subject of the contest was "Planning for my future."

Most of the girls had quite definite, sometimes elaborate, plans for their careers. When the topic of marriage and motherhood was discussed the girls seemed equally realistic and equally



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definite. There was only one hitch. Their work plans and their marriage plans had nothing to do with one another, allowed no room for one another, were, in fact, totally inconsistent with one another.

The astounding thing is the sustained devotion of so many young women to preparing for their careers, because deep in their hearts they know that the one thing they want most of all is the same thing that almost every woman wants and has always wanted: her own husband, her own home, her own children.

Even a study of women medical students indicated that the majority definitely planned to marry. It indicated further that they hoped to marry even if marriage meant giving up their medical careers entirely. No one goes to medical school for a lark, yet even here the girls know that marriage is what they want; the chances are their parents know it and their teachers know it. But they all go merrily along pretending that they don't know it.

Bachelor's Luxury

Since young men do not go around saying, "I'm going to be an engineer—unless, of course, I get married," so a young woman is not expected to say, "I'm going to be an engineer—unless, of course, I marry." Only when she is engaged, is it considered decent for her to talk about running a house, cooking, and rearing children.

One of the few luxuries that a young man can afford these days is the luxury of planning to be a bachelor and then after meeting HER changing his plans. This he can do without radically altering the other plans for his life. He will give up going out with other girls; but he will still go on being a lawyer or a salesman, an engineer, schoolteacher, or airplane pilot.

Young women can't afford this luxury of planning for one kind of life and then living another. The price in terms of human happiness is (as we hope to make unmistakably clear as we go along) too high. Marriage for a woman means, except in rare cases, that where she will live, her income, and her way of life are determined along with her name by the man she marries. This we know; yet in preparing girls for the years ahead we act as though we did not know it.

To put it another way, many a girl seems to feel that you take the romance out of marriage if you treat it as an everyday thing that she should plan for. It is something special and wonderful and unexpected—that she fully expects to happen. But this last part is her secret, her own private daydream.

One young bride, after a happy honeymoon, came to her little dream apartment, and there on the first morning after her husband had gone off to work she burst into tears. She felt strained and discouraged from the effort of having prepared a not-too-successful breakfast. She didn't know how to make good coffee, and the problem of getting everything ready and onto the table at the same time was a totally new and unexpected one. Now as she looked at the messy clutter on the breakfast table, the unmade bed, her husband's strewn clothes, at the living room filled with dirty glasses and heaped ash trays left by the well-wishers who had come to call last night, she didn't know where to begin. And when she realized that she

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This girl was not unusually spoiled or selfish or stupid. She was bright and alert and, so far as character is concerned, irreproachable. She simply had had no preparation for the life she was now to live and suddenly she found herself in the middle of it feeling strange and lost.

What was wrong with this girl? you may ask. She had had a whole year to look forward to marriage, a whole year to get ready for marriage; why on earth didn't she pull herself together and get some training?

The Idle Whirlwind

No one told me to, she might very well answer. Looking forward to marriage means yearning toward marriage with the man you love. No one told me I'd better learn how to cook and mend, how to wash floors without making them streaky, and how to make all the parts of a meal come out on time.

Ironically, it's the "lucky" girls from the so-called privileged groups who find themselves most distraught during the early years of marriage and motherhood. And by privileged we do not mean extremely wealthy families but rather that large group of middle-class families where the parents strive to give their children a good education, to protect them from household chores, and give them every chance to better themselves.

For many reasons many women find themselves leading lives today unlike any that have been lived before and unlike any they had ever expected. While some are adjusting themselves well, many more are merely enduring it—enduring it for the sake of the children.

Any woman who is interested in how other women manage their lives and who reads the numerous descriptions written about the daily life of the modern middle-class housewife would soon be struck by the fact that the writers describe her life in contradictory ways. For some this life is idle, almost empty; for others it is a whirlwind of activity, with the housewife never able to finish one thing before another clamors for her attention. There are, as we see it, two reasons for this sharp diversity as to what women's daily routine is really like.

The first thing you notice is that those who describe women today as having nothing to do are usually professional something-or-others, not full-time practicing housewives. They list the many activities once carried on at home and now taken over by outside institutions—bakeries, laundries, department stores, even schools. They point to the hundreds of woman-hours that are saved each week by washing machines, ironers, dishwashers, vacuum cleaners. Then they conclude, quite logically: What is there left for women to do? Since they know that millions of women are dissatisfied, they infer, again most logically, that this dissatisfaction is due to the very idleness and feeling of uselessness these women have.

On the other side of the picture, housewives who describe themselves paint quite a different picture—a picture of hectic, ceaseless activity, ceaseless demands on mother's time, energy, emotions and resourcefulness. We particularly enjoyed the letter to the editor which told with minute detail and great



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charm why it took one housewife two hours to prepare one of the magazine's "fifteen-minute recipes." So graphic and convincing was her description of all the interruptions—that you wondered how she ever had the time and the spirit to write that letter.

In defense of the professionals we must state the second reason for this wide discrepancy. The sociologists, analysts, and anthropologists are usually describing the middle-aged woman with children well on at school. The harassed young wives who so vividly describe their problems usually have small children, at least one among them still a baby. These two groups are talking about two different phases of motherhood. But they don't make this clear, nor do they even seem aware that they are two distinct phases. Those looking from the outside in usually tend to belittle the difficult early period. They fail to realize how completely submerged the young mothers feel.

All One Woman

A further explanation of the contradictory pictures we get of modern woman is that so much written on this subject seems to deal with an unchanging species of woman. Some speak of the Adolescent, others of the College Girl or Career Girl, still others about the Young Marrieds with Small Children, or the Idle Middle-Aged Woman.

Many writers seem unaware of the obvious fact that the Young Married Woman with Small Children will, in the not-too-distant future, turn into the Idle Middle-Aged Woman or perhaps the Over-Possessive Mom. Still more disregarded is the fact that the College Girl or Young Career Girl will, in even shorter time, become the Boggled-down Young Housewife. The Young Married should not be treated as an entirely different brand of creature from the College Girl, but as the same young woman grown a little older. A good adjustment at adolescence can lead to more satisfactory lives at later stages and young married girls can grow into satisfied and useful middle-aged women.

For instance, we feel that it is a mistake to think of the early marriage period as something that must be lived through for the sake of the time to come or for the sake of the children. It would be a great pity to expect a young woman during her early married years when her children are young to shut her eyes and grit her teeth and try to "get through" somehow! Think of her at this stage whispering to herself, "Measles passed, adolescence passed, this too will pass." Life itself is so precious that it is a tragic waste to conceive of any period in this way; but this particular period should be and can be the peak of most women's lives, the period of deepest fulfillment.

One young woman who fits the description to perfection said that whenever she complains to her husband he answers, "But these are your Golden Years! How will you feel when the kids are all grown and away at college or have gone away to homes of their own?"

Whenever Mrs. Lane, this young mother, begins to feel fed-up at spending all day every day without adult companionship, cleaning the house, washing dishes, marketing, keeping peace among her four children, she can say to herself, "Remember, these are your Golden Years!" And she tells herself the same

thing, with about the same effect, when her husband brings some of his office friends home for the evening and she feels, while not exactly stupid, completely out of the stream of things.

Unhappy Choice

Mrs. Lane has no desire to be a career woman, as that species is defined at the present time. Nor, actually, does she want to spend as much time away from her children as a regular job would demand. And while she did well enough at school she never had any illusions about being a scholar. What she always wanted was to be a wife and mother, and that is what she is now. She is, besides, the wife of an exceptionally fine man, kind and sympathetic as well as intelligent and amusing. She is the mother of four charming children, two boys and two girls. Who could ask for anything more?

Mrs. Lane finds it hard to pin down, to analyze, and describe, but she has the feeling that there is something more—something for which she can quite legitimately ask. She long ago accepted the fact that housecleaning, dishwashing, marketing, cooking and ironing constitute her job, and she doesn't actively dislike any of these. What she does resent is spending all day every day at this work.

Can one be a good mother, a good wife, and still be a person in one's own right? Can a woman be a good wife and mother if she has outside activities and obligations which may at times conflict with those of the home?

Strong voices are telling women these days that they cannot, that they should not want to be anything beyond wife and mother. Oddly enough, this housewifely role is usually glorified by women who are themselves journalists or psychiatrists or something else that involves much interesting outside work.

But it's in the air, this idea that motherhood is a full-time job, the same as a profession or career, and that something is wrong with the woman who yearns for other activities.

What is the real problem here? We agree wholeheartedly that no career means more than does that of being a mother, that none is more important or more satisfying. But it seems to us confusing and misleading to insist that the choice is either that of being a full-time mother and nothing else, or that of being something else and neglecting or slighting the maternal obligations and satisfactions.

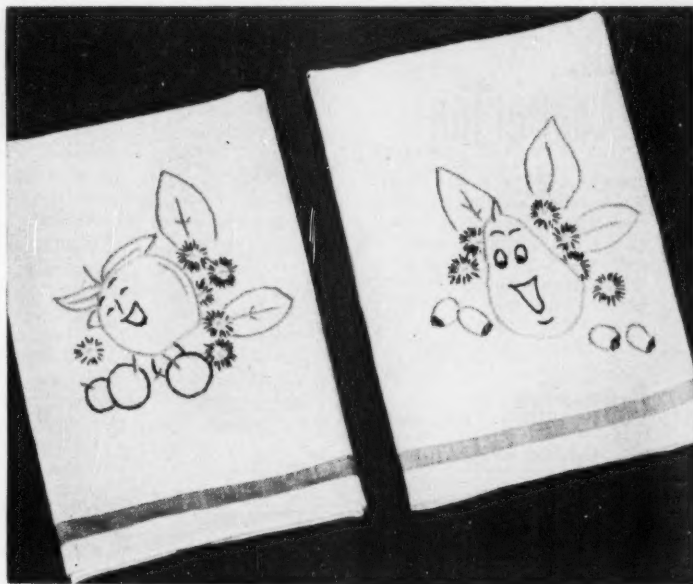
Why should every interest, every concern that is not directly connected with the children make a woman feel guilty, make her ask herself whether she really prefers her League of Women Voters to little Deborah and Tommy Junior?

During the first few years of each child's life the responsibilities are so heavy, the demands so many, that a mother has to work full time trying to keep up with them. Our belief is, however, that mothering cannot and should not be the sole occupation of all the adult years of most women.

The tradition of motherhood as a life-time occupation was established in the days when women had many children and died young. The word "Mother" traditionally meant the mother of a large family; today it may mean the mother of a lone first-grader or a lone eighteen-year-old away at college.

Do Children Suffer?

Many women who today make a life-time career out of raising one or two, or even four, children are stretching their work out in order to make themselves feel important and necessary just as long as possible. In doing this stretch-out job they not only fail to make the best use of



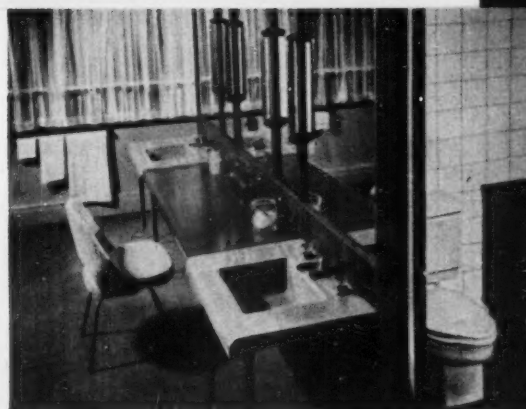
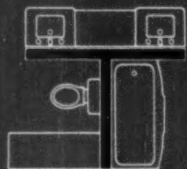
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View of bathroom from other side of "T" to that shown below, indicating how toilet facilities have been planned for maximum privacy.



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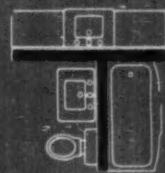
Just think of its many possibilities—the ways in which it can be adapted—the wealth of opportunities it provides for decorating!

But whatever *your* plans... whether you're interested in a "T"... or prefer a more con-

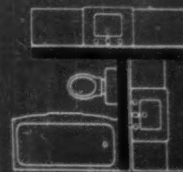
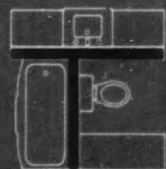
ventional arrangement... your one dependable source of supply for all fixtures you need remains the same: the complete CRANE line. Here are bathtubs, toilets, wash basins—in a complete variety of styles and materials—to suit your space, your plans and your purse. And you can choose the colour to harmonize with any decorative scheme. Ask your Plumbing and Heating Contractor.

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(Above) FOUR'S NOT A CROWD in a "T". Note sliding doors which permit closing off sections when desired. The fixtures are from Crane's Criterion group.



Here are but three of many other ways in which the "T" idea may be adapted.



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Ask your druggist for
Nujol for constipation

themselves, they are likely also to lavish upon their children "smother love"—that overprotective, overindulgent, overconcerned, and, inevitably, overdemanding brand of mother love.

One mother who prepared herself for an interesting part-time job and then (after fifteen years spent mostly at home) started to work at it was told by her twelve-year-old daughter, "I wish you would give up your job and be a real mother like Patty's mother. She's always ready to call for her after school or whenever we're through playing."

"But often Patty comes to our house and doesn't phone her mother till five o'clock."

"Sure. Then her mother calls for her at five o'clock."

"What does her mother do between three and five?"

Sue shrugged. "I don't know," she said. "Waits for Patty to call, I guess."

"I'm not so sure," said this courageous mother, "I'm not at all sure that it's good for Patty to have her mother always ready to come at her call, whenever Patty needs her, but never needing Patty for anything."

Sue shrugged and no doubt she still wished that her mother were like every other mother she knew, spending her time doing errands for the family, ready to be chauffeur whenever one of the children wanted her for whatever reason. But within the year Sue had become quite independent about getting around town and had even taken on herself a number of personal errands. When Patty's mother tried to get her thirteen-year-old to show more independence and responsibility she was unable to get any response. After all, mother was there to do everything and, after all, what are mothers for?

In a very similar situation in another part of the country a mother of two teen-age sons also took a job after a

long interval at home. Doubts were raised by friends who, knowing her as a devoted mother, asked, "Isn't it awfully tough for the boys and for you not to be there at three-thirty when they come home from school?"

And the woman said something like this to her friends: "Yes, I would rather be home. Up until this year I enjoyed that moment and looked forward to it. But I have to ask whether those two moments are worth my staying at home all day, being alone, having so little to do that I really enjoy. In five or six more years it would really be too late for me to begin again. But even if I look at it only from the point of view of the boys, I think the price they're paying is very small for what they're getting. When we sit down at dinner now I feel that I am able to join in the general conversation and to make a contribution in a way that I haven't been able to do for a long long time. I feel that my emotions are far sounder since my own life has been enriched, and that's certainly better for the boys. What's more, I happen to have an interesting husband; I have interesting children; it's good to feel that I'm becoming a more interesting woman with whom they will have lots to talk about, lots to share."

So here and there individual mothers are beginning to wonder whether, after all, it's always best for the children if mother regularly empties her mind so as to be available at all times.

Guilt Complex

We wouldn't advise all women, when they marry and have children, to begin to cultivate strong interests or become proficient in some "outside" work in order to gain extra credits or honors. We should leave every woman free to be "just a housewife" if that is what she chooses to be—but also free to choose



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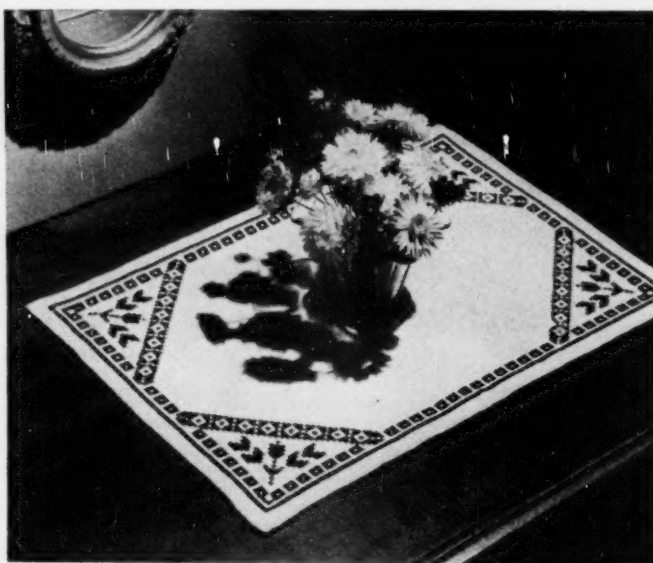
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Mrs. Bina Comeau, Moncton, N.B.	250.00
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Mrs. Ernest Anthony, Halifax, N.S.	10.00

some other way of being a good mother.

It is the women who have a choice who really face the dilemma. For widows who work an eight-hour day and somehow manage to raise a family, there is nothing but praise. For a woman who by choice works four hours a day or two days a week, there is often guilt within herself and condemnation from the outside.

Women who have professional interests and are well-trained often operate under such a sense of guilt (when there is no economic urgency for them to work) that the moment there are any problems with their children they jump to the conclusion that their outside work must be the cause. They do not question whether mothers who stay at home have these same problems.

★ ★ ★

RED WILLOWS

By H. L. Hewlett

Red willows
and brown prairies
and the slow warm drowsiness
of ripening fields of wheat.

One lone hawk
high spiralling
through infinite blue . . .
all else an empty world
of willows, wheat, and plains
relaxed and quiet through the lazy
days
of enervating August heat.

★ ★ ★

With only a smattering of psychology one would ask, why do they feel guilty? If they really loved their children or, rather, if they felt certain of their love for their children, they would not be tortured by feelings of guilt.

But it isn't that simple. With the good, good mothers making a fetish of being always available to their children, a quite normal woman might develop legitimate doubts about her own devotion to hers every time she had a desire to go to a meeting or sell at a rummage sale, to take a course or give a course or sing a song to crippled veterans.

Turning away from the mother for a moment, how do her choices affect the children? What happens to a child who has only one brother or sister and a mother who concentrates herself full-time for twenty or thirty years on them and them alone?

What does it do to the growing-up child's view of his mother if he sees her as a person in whose head only little thoughts about his teeth, his fingernails, his tidiness, his homework go round and round. What does it do to the child's view of himself? That she should love no one more than her husband and her children is one thing; it is essential if a child is to grow up with a deep-rooted feeling of security. But that on every level of a woman's concern and interest her children are to be the centre, the beginning, and the ending of her world—that is something else.

Too many older children think that their "business," their sole business, is to go to school, and they have little if any responsibility toward family and home. They think that the mother's

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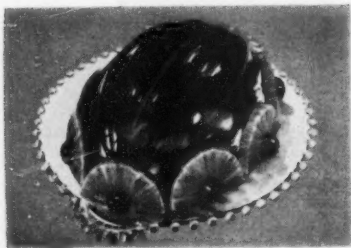
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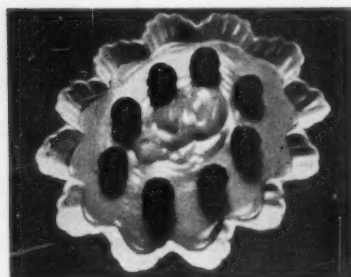
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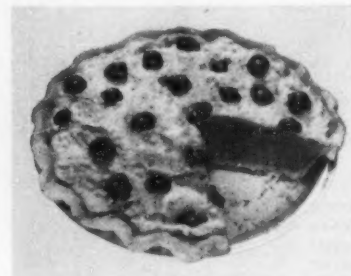
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Everybody loves

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only business is to take care of the house, to wait on them and other members of the family. The picture of large healthy children constantly waited on by a mother who has enormous respect for their school life and outside activities but little respect for her own life is a common one today. It is neither a happy nor, in our view, a healthy picture. The genuineness of a mother's interest in her children as persons, the vitality that she brings into her daily relationship with them—these are what count.

There is most probably a minimum amount of time a woman can spend with her children and still be a real mother to them, and a boy or girl has to feel the continuity of his mother's care. A child has to feel that "mother is there" to turn to when life is baffling or discouraging—or exciting—even if she is not always literally at home waiting for him every hour of the day and night.

Change of Climate

And much as he needs his mother, even an infant can benefit from other hands tending him occasionally, other voices speaking to him, other faces bending over him. He can learn very early to feel safe and cared for when father or grandmother or an agreeable sitter is looking after him. His feeling of security should not depend only on the presence of one special person. Nor should the young child feel that his mother is constantly hovering over him, anxiously obsessed with every detail of his being. When concern is the chief emotion that goes from mother to child, it is not good for either of them.

The first thing to do about this whole problem is to stop staring at the hideous two-horned beast that freezes us into inaction—either a good or a bad mother. Let's find some other way of looking at this problem than to give young women the single choice of being dull housewives or aggressive careerists.

Another thing we should do is to stop groping for a simple sovereign medicine to cure all our troubles. This means that we must find different kinds of answers for different kinds of women and different kinds of families.

We would like to see developed a climate of opinion in which a woman is considered a good mother if her outside activities are all in the service of the

community, but where she is also a good mother—an equally good mother—if her chief interest outside her family is working on modern dance, real estate, scientific research, journalism, architecture, or politics.

We would like to see her considered a good mother even if her activities require that she hire a competent baby sitter or mother-substitute for certain hours of the day, whether she spends the time at the Children's Hospital or the P.T.A., at some studio, laboratory, or office. We would like to see her helped with her complex problems and not considered rebellious and a little peculiar if she tries to climb out of the prescribed groove.

In addition to practical help, young women must be given some perspective about the years ahead, the years not so far away when their children will be half grown and they themselves will be middle-aged. The young women who love every minute (or, to be realistic, almost every minute) of being with their young children, have certainly adjusted well to their situations. Many of them will also adjust well to the very different situation in which their children no longer need them full time. But too many of them see no change ahead. The drastic change in their lives may come as a shock, as a challenge which they will be unable to meet.

While a young woman need not be put on the defensive for thoroughly enjoying her motherhood and homemaking, she should be helped to see that we make our choices in one period of our lives and that the regrets, if any, come later. While a young woman must be free to choose, she must also be helped to understand both what choices there are and what these choices imply for the long life ahead.

"We must find different kinds of answers for different kinds of women... and young women must be given some perspective about the years ahead when their children no longer need them full time..."

Next month Mrs. Gruenberg and Mrs. Krieb will present a variety of practical answers which other women have proved successful in their own lives. Read "How to Live a Happy Double Life" in September Chatelaine. +

A PLACE TO EAT

Whether you have a dining room, dinette or a combination living and dining area, your "eating problems" will receive lively attention in Lesson No. 5 of Catherine Fraser's Home Decorating Course in Chatelaine for September — along with full details of Chatelaine's \$1,000 Home Decorating Contest.

YOU CAN STILL START

CHATELAINE'S HOME DECORATING COURSE

Lesson 4 begins on pages 20 and 21 of this issue. If you missed either of the earlier lessons these were — Lesson 1: Fundamentals of Home Decorating — May issue. Lesson 2: Problems of the Small Bedroom — June issue. Lesson 3: Five Cross-Canada Recreation Rooms — July issue.

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BEAUTY

Memo from Rosemary

Timely Tip For Bleached Blondes. . .

Bright hot sunlight can do terrible things to bleached hair—usually turning it an unlovely brassy shade. And there's only one of two things you can do about it—stay out of the sun (but who wants to) or go silver blond. It's no problem with today's abundance of tints and rinses. Try it; you'll find it more complimentary to your skin than an uncompromising yellow produced by too much sun.



Rosemary Boxer

Lightning Streaks of Glamour. . . A walk down New York's Fifth Avenue would convince you that the world of fashion has gone streak crazy! A contrasting lock in the coiffure can add striking interest to your face. And the preparations to produce them will be hitting the Canadian market very soon now. Easy to apply—you simply brush them on while your hair is wet, let them dry, and when you want a change, wash them off!

DON'T Let Your Hair Down. . . No sooner does the summer sun run the thermometer past 75 than we rush up reserves of creams and lotions to protect our skin, and squint-proof our eyes with dark glasses. But our hair. . . Most of us expect our crowning glories to stand out in the sun and take it! So during long exposure to the sun, cover your tresses with a chiffon scarf (thin so that the air can circulate through).

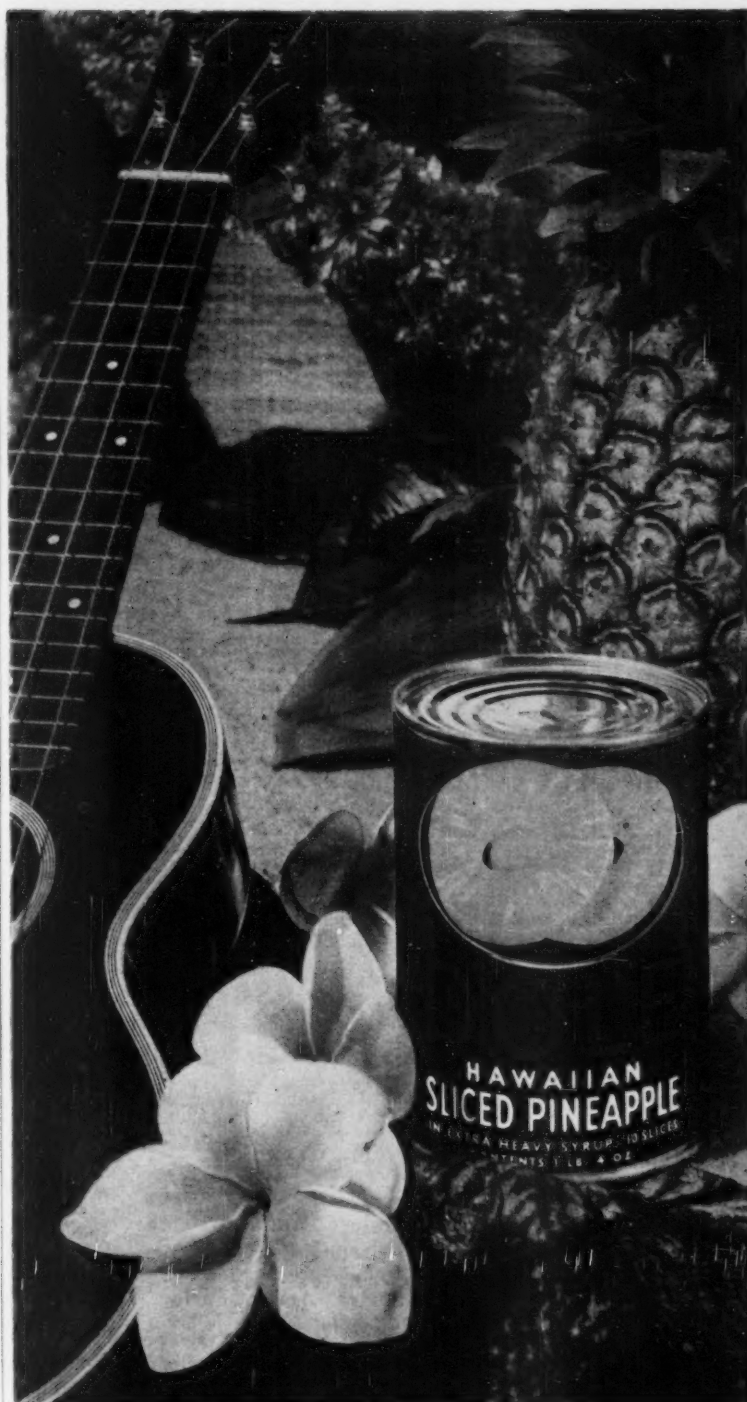
NEW COSMETICS Accentuate Pink. . . And what could be more wonderful, because pink is synonymous with youth, freshness and everything gay. But how are you going to look in these new pink-toned cosmetics? Hold a pink veil over your face and study it under strong daylight. You'll notice that your eyes look brighter, your skin younger and fresher. Now, do the same under a soft lamp. This is how you'll look by night wearing these cosmetics—fair and colorful, with twinkling eyes. (Dark or deeply olive skin types—better stick to your own time-tested rouges and lipsticks.)

Speckled Snout??. . If you are an all-over freckler, stay out of the sun, or cover up well on the beach, but if these brown blossoms only plague you around your nose, cover it up with a heavy foundation cream. If you've been careless about this, and you're sporting a few hundred, then use one of the patented bleaching creams available at any cosmetic counter.

ET CETERA DEPARTMENT

See Page 43 . . . for a summertime diet story designed to make you more glamorous below the chin.

Memo From Europe. . . As I sign "30" to this Memo, I'm sitting on a pile of luggage labeled "Europe." Watch for my September Memo dealing with trade secrets from Paris. . . .



Be sure it's
Hawaiian—
Be sure it's
DOLE

For true, tropic flavor that says "Hawaii!" with every juicy bite . . . sunny DOLE Pineapple Slices!

And for a bright "good morning!" or refreshing nightcap, sparkling DOLE Pineapple Juice—Hawaii in your glass! Just chill, shake, punch and pour from the familiar DOLE can!





Baby ready for fruit?



Oh—so many delicious strained fruits to offer even the youngest of babies who are on spoon-fed food! For Gerber's, the baby foods experts, make specially-prepared Peaches, Apples, Apricot-Apple, Prunes, Pear-Farina, Apricot-Farina, and Plum Tapioca.

They're all made in Canada from fine, tree-ripened produce . . . carefully processed for the purée-like texture and tempting colour baby enjoys so much. And they've just a tiny bit of sugar to bring out the naturally good flavour of the wholesome fruit!

Baby a little older and ready for desserts? Besides fruits, don't forget that Gerber's cater to a growing sweet tooth . . . with Vanilla Custard and Pineapple Custard made with rich milk and egg yolks.

Babies are our business... our only business!



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GERBER-OGILVIE BABY FOODS LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA

CHATELAINE CENTRE

Continued from page 1

have just built and moved into a new house, and the experience aged us prematurely, being compounded fifty-fifty of chills and thrills; but it certainly restored a challenge to life.

"John made my kitchen cabinets—45 cupboards and 28 drawers—in the combination kitchen dining-room. (This corner in the picture is of the living room.) And we had to find a place for my pottery equipment.



"Brenda, our ten-year-old, enjoys pottery with me—has just won a Brownie badge for it. Barbara, at fourteen, prefers sewing. Both girls feel I neglect my writing, in which they are partners, since they get a percentage of each cheque for "co-operation with household duties while mummie types."

We're planning to add a slight honorarium to each of Mrs. Bolton's remuneration slips—if Barbara and Brenda can speed up the partnership arrangements, so that we can see more stories like our August one forthcoming from this Canadian writer.

Letter From the Country

August always seems too early for thoughts of autumn, of harvest time. But already in the new garden up the field we have whopping big pumpkins, vegetable marrow, citrons, Hubbard and pepper squash—to say nothing of prickly green cucumbers, pale honeydew melons, splitting open at the seams through sheer ripeness, and two, no three watermelons, milky-grey, oval, and no more than six inches long. (Maybe they'll ripen yet!) And apoplectic purple turnips, bursting out of the ground. And potatoes, a bit straggly to be sure. And a second crop of sweet corn, fat ears bulging on bending stalks. And four long rows of raspberry bushes, bearing several bowlsful of berries weekly, although this is only their first year.

Spraying has improved the quality of the fruit. But still the imperfect ones continue to fall, though more sparsely than last year. My hours are passed in a daze, punctuated by the plop of falling apples, as if to a crazy clock with a pendulum that swings in a drunken and unpredictable fashion. I lift up my head in the night and listen . . . "Plop!" . . . the invisible pendulum has marked off another instant of this utterly enchanted time. Then off it swings into space again, and I sigh, and lay down my head, and drift off to sleep.

Or else the rhythm is more staccato . . . "Plop!" again. And again, "Plop!" Three more intervals marked off in this season of ripeness. And in the morning there is a fresh scattering of huge pale green and scarlet Duchess apples on the front lawn.—Elizabeth. +

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THE MODERN CHILD'S SWIMMING AID

YOUNG PARENTS



BEFORE YOU START YOUR CHILD TO SCHOOL

*Knowing how to listen and color
and do up buttons will help your Johnny or Mary make
the most of school from the very first day*

By DONALDA DICKIE, M.A., Ph.D., LL.D.

Next month Canadian schools from coast to coast will welcome the largest enrollment classes in history, as the flood tide of "postwar babies" reaches the classroom.

If your child is one of them, remember he or she may be precious to you, but is vital to Canada. Millions in money and thousands of hard-working teacher-lives are being spent to give your youngster the best education that can be devised to fit him to live a happy life—to make the finest contribution of which he is capable to the nation and the world.

A good start at school is of first importance, and you as parents can do much to ensure it. Thoughtful preparations over a year or two are best, but there is still a month in which you can do many things to make your child's beginning successful.

Canadian children start elementary school at anywhere from four and a half to six and a half years, depending when birthdays occur and whether the local school system begins at kindergarten or grade one. Some of the "requirements" suggested below may seem too simple to be worth mentioning for the six-year-old, others may be beyond some four-and-a-half's; but generally speaking you will

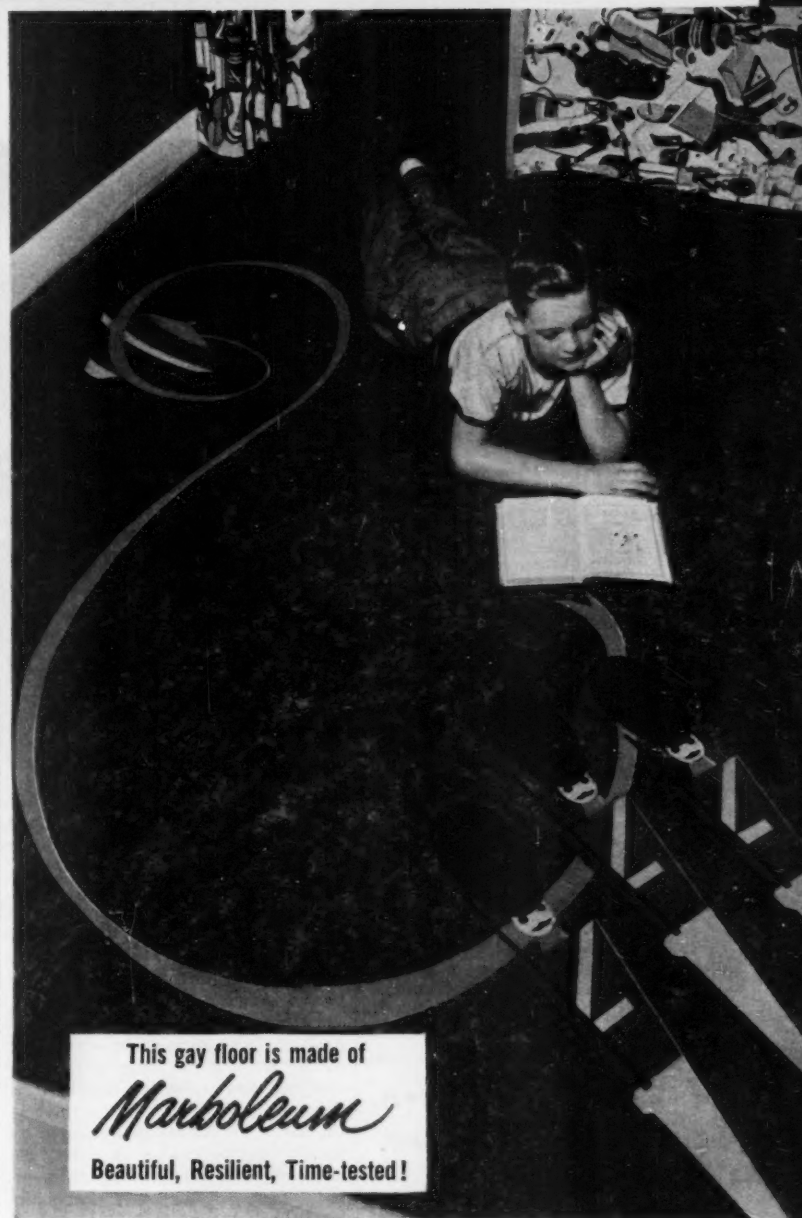
find this a useful check list of "do's" and "don'ts."

Do's

1. Build up, if necessary create, the desire to go to school by helping your child to picture school as a place where boys and girls play and work together with a kindly teacher to tell them what to do and how to do it.

Build up this attitude by: Talking about going to school and planning for it; showing the child pictures of beginners at work or play in school, and telling stories about your own early schooldays. Telling or reading stories of what goes on in school (your corner drugstore probably has small cheap story books on this topic). Play school with your boy or girl, or get older children to do so. Build up interest in the "big day" by making or buying a new outfit to wear to school, providing pencil, scribbler, etc.

2. Send him "out into the world" secure in the love he knows in his own home and with confidence in himself, expecting to be liked and to succeed. You will have been preparing him to fit in successfully in the larger school group by giving him every opportunity to learn to



This gay floor is made of
Marboleum
Beautiful, Resilient, Time-tested!

You, too, can have

Floors with imagination!

WHEN BOBBY was a little shaver, his father and I decided that he ought to have a floor which would help make him feel that his room was *his*—one he could muss without damage and that would set his little imagination working. Linoleum filled the bill.

That's one of the big things we discovered about linoleum—it's both practical and a medium for artistic expression. Now we have floors which express our personality in every room in the house.

They give a perfect base for colour schemes, and are easy on the housekeeper—so easy to keep clean, so sound deadening as well as being hygienic and resilient. And they are so long-lasting my husband and I are convinced that linoleum is the most economical flooring.

ASK YOUR DEALER to show you illustrations of the delightful things being done these days with linoleum in tiles and by the yard—65 colours and patterns to choose from and combine. If you wish for elaborate designs like the one in Bobby's room, we shall be glad to help you. Write for FREE colourful booklet.

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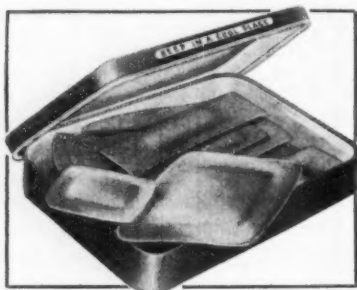
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A child surrounded by love and security at home will go out into the new world of school with a feeling of confidence and independence, expecting to be liked and to succeed.

run and jump and develop good co-ordination, by training him to play good-naturedly with other children, sharing his toys and doing his part of the picking up and putting away.

There is still time for your child to practice: Attending to his own toilet needs, washing his face and hands, carrying and using a handkerchief. Recognizing his own name printed on the tab of his clothes (it pays to mark them); hanging clothes on a low peg, taking them down, putting them on, buttoning, tying laces, etc. (Laces may be beyond the young child at first; teacher will help in all this—but she may have thirty or forty to see to.)

Make your child as independent as you can: Be sure that he knows his own name and address, his father's and mother's name, and the way to and from school. He should appreciate the danger of traffic — and such other common hazards as sharp knives, matches and electrical appliances. He should be accustomed to being separated from his parents; perhaps through staying with other responsible people for a few day-time hours, or overnight.

Help your child to feel that he is not a baby now, but a boy—or a girl.

3. **Prepare him to be successful in his primary school work** by having him practice: Coloring color books, cutting out pictures, pasting cutouts into a scrapbook and drawing with crayons or a large soft pencil—thus preparing him to develop new skills with his hands and eyes. Talking clearly (not baby talk) and using simple sentences.

(Note: Kindergarten teachers say it is quite common, however, for younger children to "talk" little more than single words when they are new in school. Many of the accomplishments mentioned below are of the sort the kindergarten child will have a chance to learn in school. Parents of children who do not attend kindergarten can help by encouraging their children to master them before entering first grade.)

Sitting still for four or five minutes at a time, while listening to a story.

Listening carefully while being given one (then two, then three) directions, and then carrying these out in the proper order.

Looking at a picture, or at the room, and naming the things in it.

Listening to an extremely short and simple story (as easy as Jack and Jill) and then telling you what happened in it.

Reciting nursery verses.

Listening to the nursery stories; recognizing the nursery characters in the picture books, naming them, telling what happened to them.

Recognizing and naming the primary colors.

Don'ts

1. Don't allow anyone to tease or frighten your child with stories of cross teachers or school punishment.

2. Don't try to teach your child the alphabet or how to read, because this may take some of the fun and accomplishment out of learning with the other children—and may even confuse him, if your methods are not the same as the teacher's. (If your child learns without any assistance or encouragement, he or she is probably a "natural reader," which is excellent.)

3. Don't show him or read to him from the readers used in your school, for this will only lessen his interest in his school reader when he gets there.

4. Don't accept your child's criticism of the teacher until you have discussed the matter with her.

5. Don't take it for granted that your child did not deserve his punishment until you have heard the teacher's side of the case.

6. Above all—on opening day, don't cry, even though you may feel like it. And if your child cries, just leave him with the teacher and walk firmly away. (Sneak back half an hour later for a look in the classroom window, if you must—and you'll be shocked to discover how happily he is playing with the other children.) +

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Insist on safe 'Q-Tips' — the original and largest selling cotton swabs in the world. They cost no more than ordinary swabs!

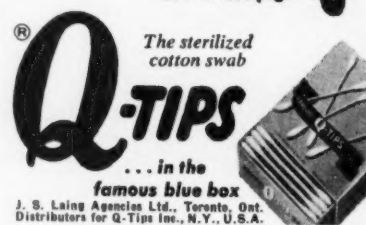
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HOME-DECORATING

CONTEST

IF you have ever decorated a room in your own home, apartment or flat . . .

OR

if you would like to do or do-over a living room, bedroom, dining room or recreation room—and know just how you plan to furnish and decorate it . . .

YOU CAN ENTER
THIS SIMPLE BUT FASCINATING CONTEST

ALL YOU DO is fill in the details of your own home-decorating scheme in the blanks provided in the official entry form to be published in next month's Chatelaine, tear it out and mail it in.

BE YOUR OWN BEST HOME DECORATOR
AND YOUR ROOM MAY WIN A PRIZE

(professional decorators ineligible)

FIRST PRIZE \$500

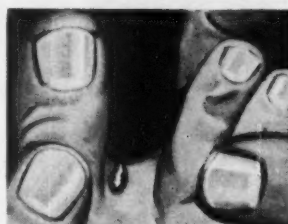
SECOND PRIZE \$250

AND TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES OF \$10 EACH

SEE SEPTEMBER ISSUE
FOR FULL DETAILS AND OFFICIAL
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IN CHATELAINE'S \$1,000
HOME-DECORATING CONTEST

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ATHLETE'S FOOT calls for FAST ACTION



Examine the skin between your toes tonight. When open cracks appear it means that Athlete's Foot can strike.



Absorbine Jr. helps inhibit growth of all the infecting fungi it can reach.

Athlete's Foot can be serious—
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your misery, fast

• When hot summer footwork causes feet to perspire and tiny cracks to appear between the toes, Athlete's Foot fungi can get you in torment, even "lay you up."

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But be sure to get after Athlete's Foot before it gets serious. Guard against reinfection: boil socks 15 minutes. Don't share towels and bath mats.

Get Absorbine Jr. at all drug counters. W.F. YOUNG, INC., Lyman House, Montreal.

Get after Athlete's Foot symptoms early! That's the time Absorbine Jr. helps clear them up fastest. Takes care of muscular aches and pains, minor sunburn, nonpoisonous insect bites, too.



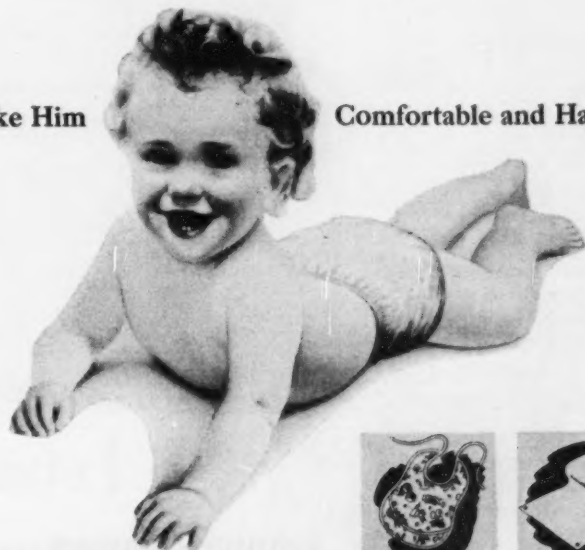
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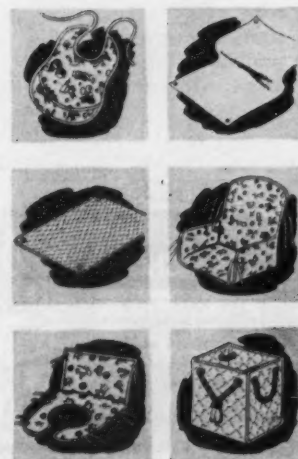
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Chatelaine

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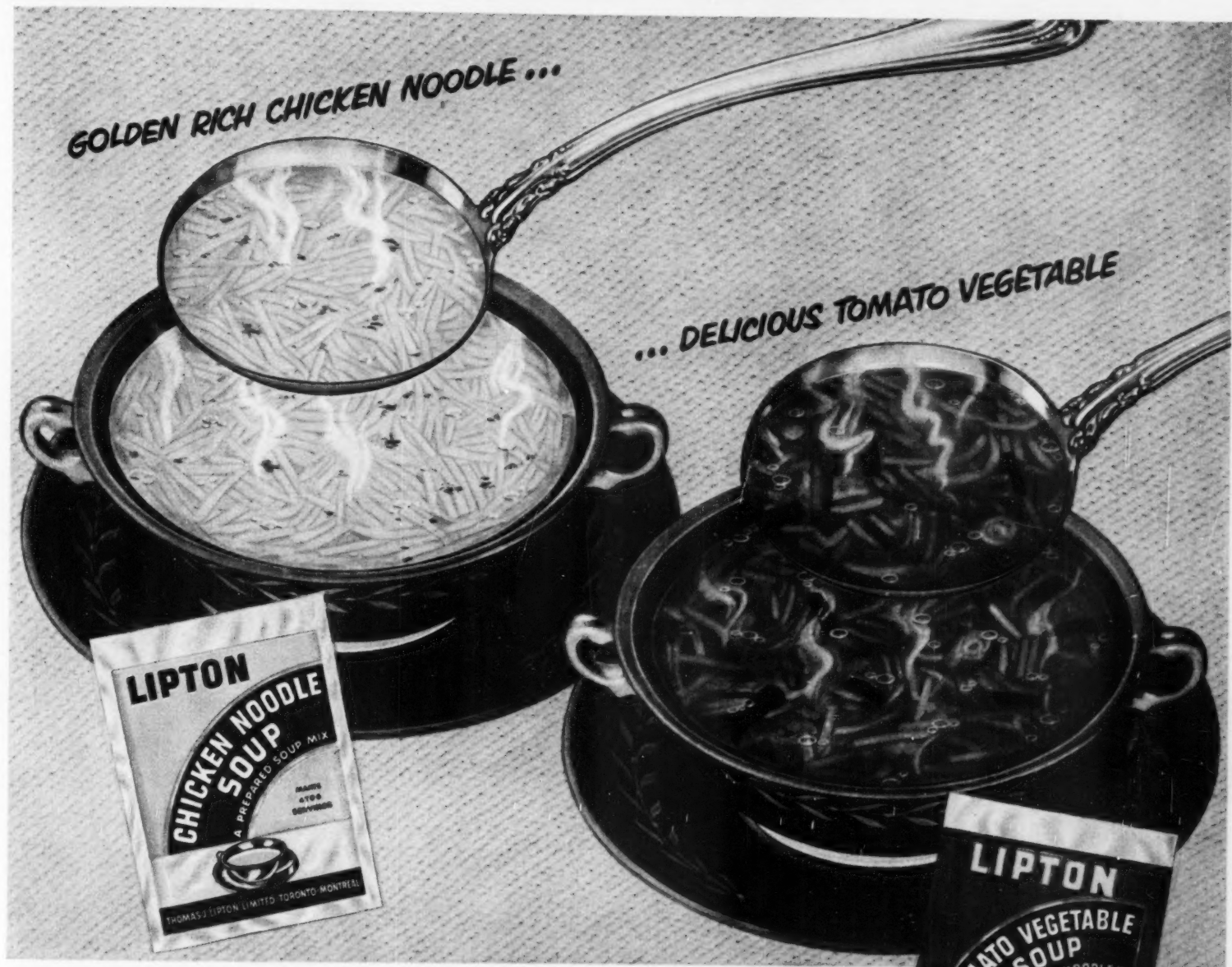
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You'll love their real homemade taste!

Lipton Chicken Noodle, with tender egg noodles in a rich chicken broth—the kind you get when you use a fine, fat chicken for your stock, and flecked with savory parsley.

And new Lipton Tomato Vegetable with “fresh from the garden” vegetables—six of them—plus rich egg noodles in a hearty, “homey” tomato stock.

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give you finer
tastier salads! **



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* That's why, from coast to coast,
MAZOLA is Canada's favourite ingredient for
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TWO-IN-ONE DRESSING

1 egg, unbeaten	¼ cup vinegar
2 tablespoons sugar	¾ cup MAZOLA Salad Oil
1½ teaspoons salt	1 cup water
1 teaspoon dry mustard	4 tablespoons BENSON'S
½ teaspoon paprika	or CANADA Corn Starch

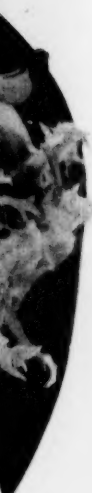
PUT egg, sugar, seasonings, vinegar and MAZOLA Salad Oil in a bowl.
PLACE corn starch in saucepan, gradually add water; mix well.
COOK over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture boils.
BOIL 2 minutes, stirring constantly.
REMOVE from heat; add to egg mixture.
BEAT with rotary beater until well blended and creamy.
STORE in covered jar in refrigerator; thin before serving.
Yield: 2 cups.

TOMATO SOUP DRESSING

1 10-ounce can condensed tomato soup (about 1 cup)	2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup MAZOLA Salad Oil	1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ cup cider vinegar	1 teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce	1 teaspoon salt
	1 clove garlic (optional)

MEASURE all ingredients into a bottle or jar.
COVER tightly and shake well.
CHILL several hours, then remove garlic.
SHAKE thoroughly before serving.
Yield: 2 cups.

Note: For sweeter dressing, increase sugar to ¼ cup.



sugar
mustard
prika
(optional)

¼ cup.